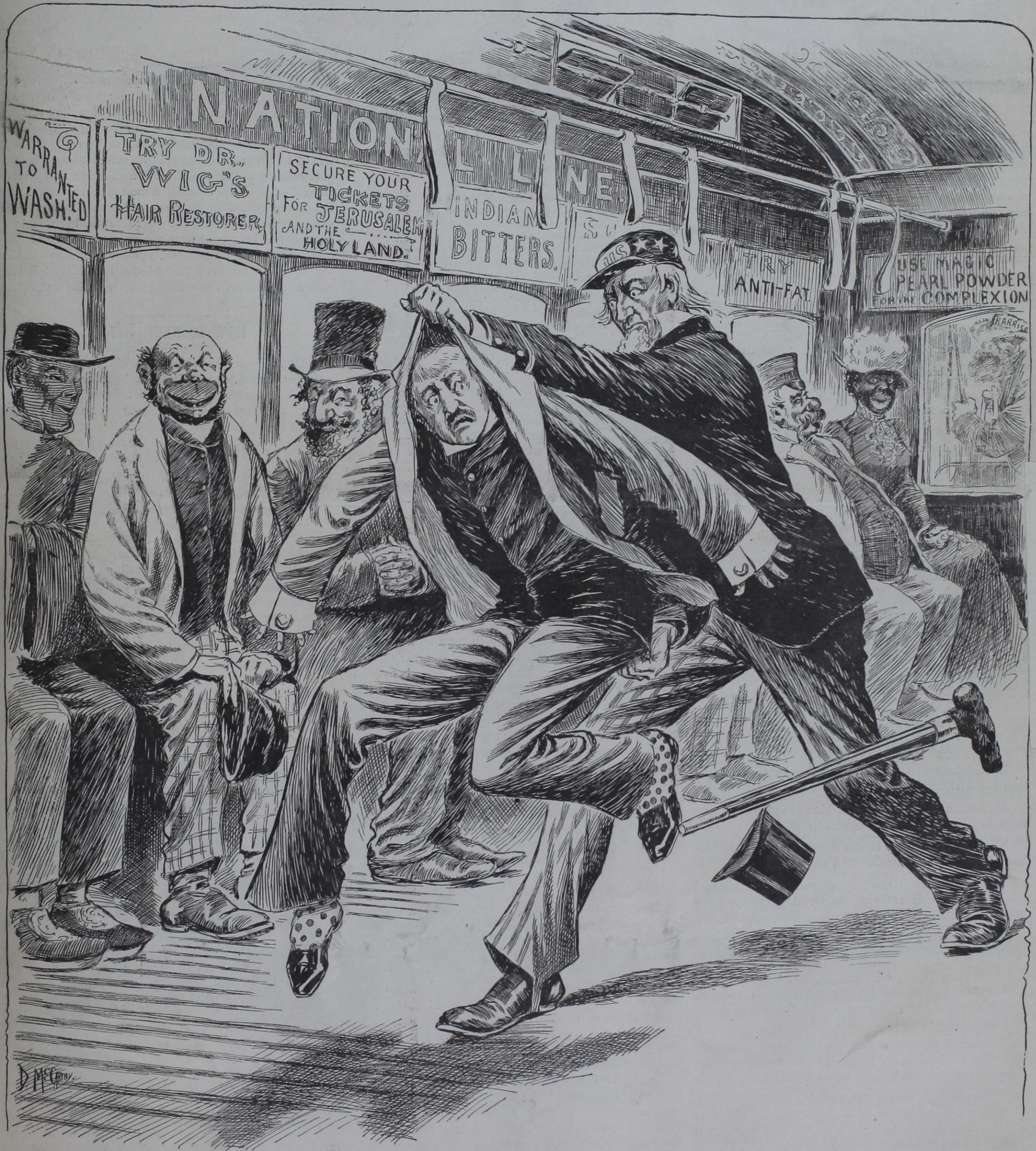


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A PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

QUESTION—WHY, IN THE ABOVE PICTURE, IS THE WRETCHED DUDE LIKE NEW YORK?
ANSWER—BECAUSE, NOT HAVING GOT THE FARE, HE FEELS SOMEWHAT PUT OUT ABOUT IT.

Texas Siftings.

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ALEX. E. SWEET,
A. MINERGRISWOLD, } Editors.

J. ARMOY KNOX, Manager.

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN A. MINER'S KEY.

A NIGHT's (s)lumber—the bed slats.

SOMETHING to be studded—a shirt front.

IT is the shoplifter who refuses to "sink the shop."

A CHARITY bawl—reading for the benefit of an orphan asylum.

POVERTY is in want of much, but avarice demands the earth.

TO BE found in bad company is often equivalent to being lost.

AN opium den would seem to be a proper retreat for "joint" stars.

ONE good deed is worth a bushel improperly made out and recorded.

A LOGGING stream in the Wisconsin pineries is appropriately called the Styx.

DETROIT has a church fight in court. A court fight in church is not unusual.

THERE are a great many painters in this world, but they are not un-umbered.

WHAT is popular opinion to-day may become unpopular opinion to-morrow.

"Tell me," he said, "what day you'll wed:
I want no more child's play;"
Thus urged to mate in wedded state,
At once she Sat-er-day.

IF Napoleon was the "grey-eyed man of destiny," isn't the African the black-hide?

NO MALICE can exist without thought; so how can there be such a thing as malice-afore-thought?

WHEN a man is lost in the woods very valuable information may be contained in a small compass.

WHEN a Chicago church was turned into a hotel they let the steeple remain. Something inn-spire-ing about it, you see.

IT is no particular credit to Adam that he never chew'd tobacco. There was no other man for him to beg a "chaw" of.

TO KNOW how to wait is the great secret of success, says a writer. The success of a coal dealer consists in knowing how to weight it, certainly.

THERE is a German proverb which says: Take-It-Easy and Live-Long are brothers. Yet murderers who take life easy are not long lived, as a general thing.

TEN-YEAR-OLD child attacked by croup at night. Doctor at a distance; what is to be done?—[Medical Paper. In some cases keep the doctor at a distance if you wish the child to live.

A THEATRICAL manager, habitually unlucky, produced a new play that contained "novel effects." When it nearly emptied the house before it was half over, the manager remarked bitterly that there was nothing novel in its effects.

WHEN I'M GOING SKATING AGAIN.



While she, who had caused the disaster,
Went off in some other man's care.

The next time you catch me out skating
The weather will be mild as May;
The ice must be warmer, and softer;
My feet, where I put them, shall stay;
My clothes shall be pliable leather,
That is, if they make any such;
My girl shall be homely and freckled,
So I'll not look at her too much;
In fact, when I think of the danger,
The fearful expense, and the pain,
I think that I'll wait till midsummer,
Before I go skating again.

HEN my best girl
and I went out
skating.

I tried my
best to be
smart;

By wonderful curv-
ings and cir-
cles

I sought to skate
into her heart.

While watching
her beautiful
dimples,

My treacherous
foot gave a slip;

I fell on the ice like
a saw-log,

And shattered my
shoulder and
hip;

My new clothes
were tight, and
they bursted,

I folded my arms
in despair,

HYPOCRISY.



BEFORE the average man reaches middle age he becomes painfully aware of the fact that things are not what they seem. The world is largely made up of deception. Hypocrisy, like the influenza, seems to be more or less epidemic. Where can we go that we do not encounter hypocrisy of one type or another? It is not easy, nevertheless, to be a successful hypocrite. Some men try it on with an ace high, but

the world calls them with a pair of deuces. When a man or a woman gets to be "too good" they will bear a great deal of watching. Those who will not take lawful pleasures will be very likely to take unlawful ones, and by lacing themselves too tight, grow awry on one side. The day after Mrs. Nicely moved over to Brooklyn to avoid the blasphemy of a wicked poll-parrot, she was caught kissing a green grocer behind a cabbage stand. Many men and women are thought to be pious when they are only watching their chances. Very frequently the woman who will stand on her piazza and smile like a heavenly blessing in disguise while the pastor is passing, will go inside subsequently and wallop her young ones, with a terrible disregard for their physical constitutions or future welfare.

LOSS OF TIME.

The fact that we live but once and are growing older every day should cause one to be industrious. It is indispensable to man's happiness that he work. An idle man is like stagnant water; he corrupts himself. A great writer says idleness and sloth are twin sons of the devil. "Procrastination is the thief of time," is one of those trite adages which have a sound, but no meaning to our accustomed ears. How much time does each and every one needlessly waste! How we fail to realize that time wasted is existence; used in life. It is the morning lounge; the evening gossip that steal away the precious hour to which was appointed its peculiar duty, such as going to the matinee, or selecting a new brand of cigars or whisky. And the theft is without remedy or redress. Gone forever are the squandered moments which should have been devoted to improving the mind. It has been well said: "Never delay until to-morrow that which can be done to-day." How do you know that the

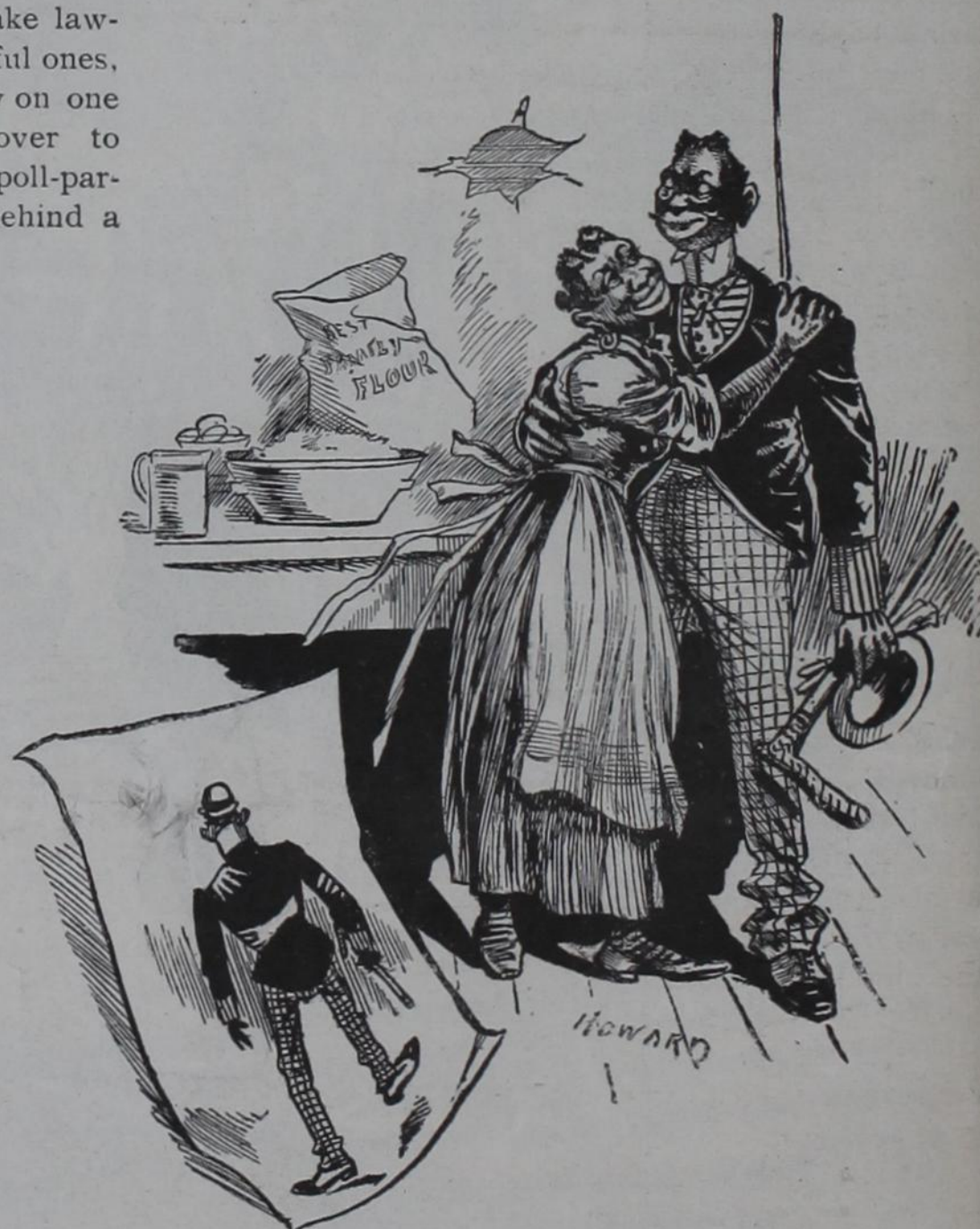
man who asks you to join him in a social glass to-day will be alive to-morrow? Delays are dangerous. That other maxim: Never do to-day that which can as well be done to-morrow, is a delusion and a snare. Suppose the gentleman who is willing to lend you a dollar to-day makes an assignment that afternoon? You can never tell whether or not a thing can be as well done on the day following, so it is not safe to take any foolish chances.

DOM PEDRO FOR PRESIDENT.

It would be a queer spectacle to see Dom Pedro, ex-Emperor, running for President of the new Republic of Brazil, as has been suggested. Would he take the stump, as our own presidential candidates have done? Would he express his views on emancipation, the tariff, the currency question, etc., etc., in letters to the press? Would he permit himself to be interviewed? Would he promise patronage and office to powerful politicians who support him? Would he approve of collecting the floating vote and working it in "blocks of five?" Would he array himself on the side of ballot reform, and favor the Australian plan of voting? Would he agree not to be a candidate for a second term? Finally, would he go trout fishing in the summer and give the poor overworked administration a vacation and a rest? Dom Pedro is too sensible a man not to realize that Brazil has gotten through with him as Emperor. He wants to return to the land where he was born, and die among the people among whom he was raised. In order to do so he must accept the situation—and if the situation be President of the Republic of Brazil, with a fair salary, Dom Pedro will probably not refuse it.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

"Don't allow yourself to grow old too soon," says a writer; "keep a juvenile heart and join the young folks in their amusements as much as possible." That's right. Suppose you are sixty-five or seventy, with rheumatism in both knees, don't let that stand in the way of your playing leap-frog with the boys on the "green." Even threescore years and ten should not prevent you playing base-ball, or leaping six-barred gates, or running a foot-race. It is because old men neglect these exercises that they lose their juvenility. By joining the boys on the street in their simple games—taking a hand occasionally at an election bonfire, or ringing door-bells mischievously when some holiday is on, a man might retain his youthful feelings until he reached a hundred. But if you don't care to remain young, why that settles it.

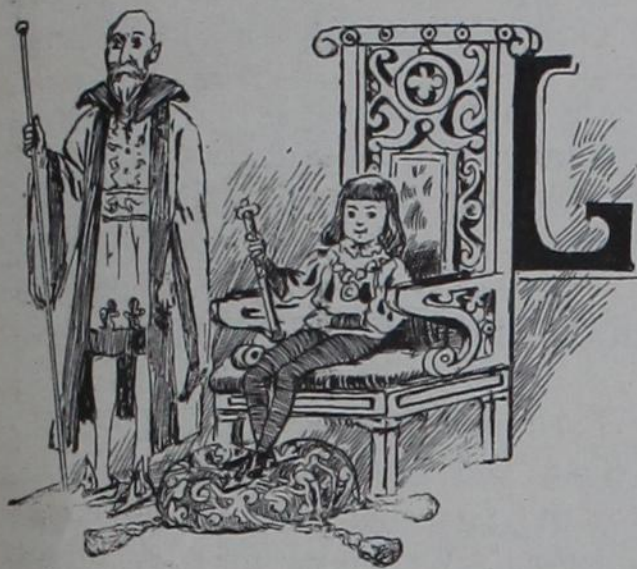


AN INOPPORTUNE MOMENT.

MR. JOHNSING—Miss Yallerby—Chloe, may I take dis occasion to tell yo' ob de undyin' affection I feel?
MISS YALLERBY—Sho', Rastus, yo' shouldn't speak like dat when yo' know I'm engaged.
MR. JOHNSING (tragically)—Engaged!
MISS YALLERBY (embracing him)—Yaas—on this dough, yo' fool nigger! Thar, you're all flour!

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XVIII.



LOUIS VII., surnamed the Young, to distinguish him from his father, Louis the Fat, ascended the throne in 1137 and reigned until 1180, a period of forty-three years. His character was feeble,

but he had excellent councilors in Abbot Suger and Gosselin, bishop of Soissons. Louis led the second crusade to the Holy Land, but he brought very little of it back. He marched from France in 1147 at the head of 100,000 men, to punish the Turks for harassing the kingdom of Jerusalem, but when he came back two years after, without succeeding in his purpose, he was attended by a scanty escort of but 200 or 300 knights—and his days were greatly shortened, too.

Louis having grown jealous of his queen, Eleanor, daughter of Geoffry Plantagenet, duke of Aquitaine, he secured a separation from her, which was a tremendous political mistake, for it robbed the crown of France of more than one-half its territories. She married Henry Plantagenet, duke of Normandy, who succeeded Stephen as King of England under the title of Henry II.; and thus a number of rich provinces of France passed over to English dominion, and it required many bloody conflicts to win them back again.

Louis married a second time, his bride being Alice, sister of the Count of Champagne, enabling him to have champagne in the house all the year round. A son was the result of the union, who became afterward the renowned Philip Augustus.

When Philip Augustus succeeded to the throne he was only sixteen years old. He was shortly after married to Isabel Elizabeth, daughter of Baldwin, count of Hainault. She was directly descended in the female line from Charles of Lorraine, the last heir of the Carolingians.

A very sagacious and energetic sovereign was Philip Augustus. The haughty and powerful Duke of Burgundy refusing submission to him he invaded and reduced his stronghold on the Seine, and then took such a strong hold upon the Duke that he made him come to terms. Other rebellious nobles were served in the same energetic way.

About this time, 1187, the Saracens under Saladin retook Jerusalem, and England and France united in a third crusade to recover the Holy City. But there was a delay of two years, which was long enough for the rival countries to get into another squabble. Henry and Philip had held a peace conference together under a great elm which marked the boundary between Normandy and France, during a truce. But Philip, accusing Henry of bad faith, hewed down the majestic elm one day, in a fit of passion. He considered it a slippery elm so far as Henry's promises went.

Richard Cœur de Leon—lion-hearted—son of Henry II. of England, sided with Philip against his father, which almost broke the old man's heart. Deserted by his own son, who was in open revolt against him, he was reduced to the humiliating necessity of petitioning Philip for terms of peace. He subscribed to an ignominious treaty and shortly after died of grief and mortification.

Richard succeeded his father on the throne of England, and the next year, 1180, he joined Philip of France, and together the two monarchs set out on the third crusade to recover the Holy Land. They separated at Lyons, but rendezvoused at Messina in Sicily, where they passed the winter. Jealousy and discord

sprang up between them. Each was too ambitious and arrogant for them to live in amity. Richard, being more of a soldier than Philip, and having become noted for his personal prowess, was the hero of the crusade. They advanced to the siege of Acre, but Philip, enraged at being assigned a secondary place, returned to France, where he allied himself with Prince John, who was plotting to supplant his brother Richard on the throne of England.

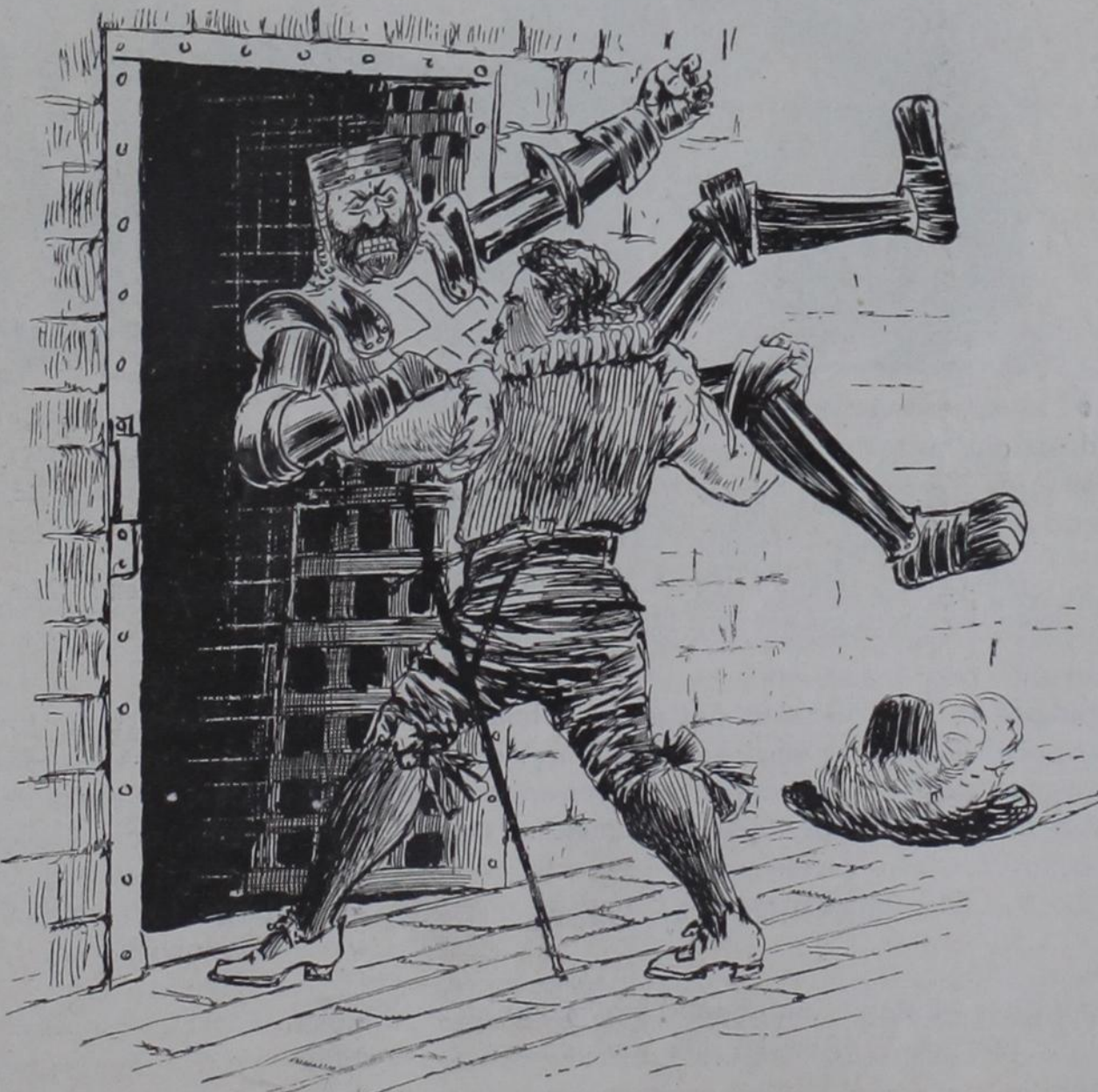
Meanwhile Richard, while returning from Palestine, fell into the hands of his enemy, the Duke of Austria, who threw him into a dungeon.

By the way, *mes chers enfants*, you may have noticed that a man is never led to a dungeon, or driven to a dungeon, or conducted to a dungeon. He is invariably *throwu into a dungeon*, which is humiliating and degrading to the prisoner, while it is physically exhausting to the captor, if the former makes much resistance. As Richard was considered a champion athlete himself, I judge that the Duke of Austria must have been the John L. Sullivan of his day.

After a detention of more than a year, instigated partly through the malice of Philip, Richard regained his liberty, and soon after he appeared in Normandy at the head of his barons, breathing wrath and vengeance. He regained his possessions, which had surrendered to Philip, and kept up hostilities against him for five years. Only death could probably have delivered Philip from his relentless enemy, who was killed in besieging the castle of Chalus. His lion heart lay for centuries beneath his effigy which surmounts a tomb of Richard in the church of Saint Ouen, at Rouen, but it is now cared for in the municipal museum of that city, where is preserved the parchment showing the crossed signature of William the Conqueror. Richard's father, Henry II., has a tomb in Saint Ouen, also.

The reign of Philip Augustus was a very turbulent one, but it did much for France. Philip wrested Normandy from the English and annexed it to the French crown, and he restored other captured provinces. He haughtily summoned King John of England to come to Paris and be tried for his misdemeanors, and he would not even guarantee him safe conduct to return. John naturally declined to go, realizing that if he did it would be "good-by, John." The trial went on without him; he was found guilty of murder and several lesser crimes, and condemned to death, together with the forfeiture of all his fiefs held of the crown of France. John brought an army to Normandy and endeavored to regain his possessions, but after a war of three years, during which not a single pitched battle was fought, he gave up the struggle for French territory. Thus France, under Philip Augustus, became once more, next to the German empire, the most populous and powerful of the commonwealths of Europe.

"Papa, is that man an undertaker?" asked a little Austin lad, pointing to an individual who looked as if he had eaten an unripe watermelon and forgot to take out the seeds. "No, my son; he's only a fellow who has been waiting for the settlement of a vast estate in England, to which his great-great-grandmother's cousin-in-law's cook was heir."



The Duke of Austria throws Richard Cœur de Lion into a Dungeon.



Philip Augustus Hews down the Treaty Elm.

THE PHONOGRAPH IN THE BLANK FAMILY.

(Translated from the German, by Alex. E. Sweet.)

Mr. Blank came home very late, or, more correctly speaking, very early one morning. Mrs. Blank, who somehow or other was very wide awake, opened on him with her batteries at once.

"Half-past two! A nice time of night for a respectable married man to be coming home."

Mr. Blank—"My dear—"

Mrs. Blank (interrupting)—"Don't dear me! You never come home except to eat and sleep. To all intents and purposes I am a widow. If you keep this up it will not be long before I will not be able to identify you."

Mr. Blank—"I know I am a little late—"

Mrs. Blank (interrupting again)—"I am a poor, wretched, forlorn woman who has married a night watchman. Why don't you say something? I suppose you think because I've put up with your goings on that I'll stand everything; but let me tell you, Mr. Blank, you are fooling yourself. You are tottering on the brink of a volcano."

Mr. Blank—"If you would only let me get in a word edgewise, I could explain."

Mrs. Blank—"Even the worm will turn if it is tramped on too much. Beware! Blank. Once more I say, beware!"

Now, it happened that Mr. Blank has a phonograph. During the honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Blank talked confidentially to the phonograph, just for fun. Blank noiselessly slipped one of these loaded cylinders into the talking machine, and after Mrs. Blank had given him a fresh dose, and had paused to gain some breath for another attack, Blank turned the handle and the infernal machine squeaked out in Mrs. Blank's voice:

"O, Charlie, how I do love oo! Whose duckums is it? Is it baby's duckums?"

Mrs. Blank (angrily)—"You wretched ass, will you leave that phonograph alone? I can't open my mouth without having that fool machine turned loose."

Phonograph—"Yum-yum! Won't Charlie kiss his own duckums some more?"

Mrs. Blank—"Let me tell you one thing, Mr. Smarty. If I had known what kind of a low, vulgar wretch you are, I would never have made such a fool of myself."

Phonograph—"You are the darlingest husband in New York. Yum—there—yum!"

Mrs. Blank—"If you don't want your neck broke, go away from that phonograph, I say!"

Phonograph—"Hug me again, Charlie. We are married now. There—I—can't—breathe."

Mrs. Blank—"I wish that phonograph had the Russian grip. I'll smash it with the poker to-morrow. O, yes, you were very loving when we were first married. You didn't stay out until three o'clock in the morning—not much. Do you remember how early—"

Phonograph—"And I shall never object, Charlie, if you want to go out of an evening to call on your friends."

Mrs. Blank—"That's a lie! I never said anything of the sort."

Phonograph repeats the disputed statement.

Mrs. Blank—"All right, Mr. Blank. I don't care to discuss the subject now."

Phonograph—"Give me one more kiss, Charlie, that's a dear fellow."

Mrs. Blank—"I wish I had never called you a dear fellow. I never will again."

(The curtain falls.)



A TIME TO SETTLE.

BARKEEPER—Come, now; settle for this beer.

TRAMP—How would it do to let the beer settle itself?

SCARING A DOG.

When an Austin man went home, the other evening, he saw his dog lying just inside the gate, and thinking to indulge himself in a playful joke at the dog's expense, he stole softly near, although he had never stole anything before in all his life; then with a loud whoop he jumped in front of the dog's head. He wanted to scare the dog a little, that was all.

But the dog didn't scare worth a-cent. He didn't scurry away as his master expected him to, yelping with affright. Somehow he wasn't that kind of a dog. He had been raised in another way before his present owner obtained possession of him. He merely stood up on his hind end and simply put his teeth into the man's leg, shut his eyes, sighed gently and hung on.

The startled man emitted a Comanche yell and dashed through the gate and down the street, with the heroic dog clinging to him like a poor relation. A policeman started in pursuit, also a big crowd, and when they caught up with the procession after a hard race they discovered a very much exhausted and profane man, leaning against a tree box, while near by was a dog, with a quiet smile on his countenance, busily engaged in pulling shreds of "Kentucky Jane" out of his teeth with his claws. There was a dog for sale in that man's neighborhood that very day.

ANTI-PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

"If a man's foresight was as good as his hind-sight, he would do very well." This does not apply when you are running away from a mad bull.

"A nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling." Not when you have it in your pocket.

"It is better to be right than to be President." But the candidate who isn't elected gets left.

"A babe in the house is a well-spring of joy." A faucet, however, is a convenient attachment.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well." A little ingenuity will enable you to make the truth lie almost anywhere.

"Speech is silver, silence is golden." Sometimes, though, it is well to say "Not guilty."

"Time flies," but there are no flies on him who is always on time.

"A new broom sweeps clean." If it is clean, why sweep?

"Many a slip 'twixt cup and lip." Perhaps whisky slips the most easily.

"Sinners stand in slippery places," but the righteous sprinkle ashes in front of his house.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

A BURNT CHILD DREADS THE FIRE.

A.—You don't seem to have any life in you. Is there nothing or nobody over which you can enthuse?

B.—Nothing at all. I once became enthusiastic over somebody, and a short time afterwards she became my wife. That was a sad warning to me to avoid enthusiasm.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE HORROR.

A gentleman who has had a great deal of experience with New York boarding-houses, alleges positively that they are as bad as it is possible for them to be. There may be exceptions to this, as there are to every rule, but after years of experience he has been unable to discover the exception.

"Of course, the principal objection is to the quality of the food," said the gentleman, whose name is Sykes.

"Do they really use tough pickles?" we asked.

"Tough! It is rank flattery to say that they are made of leather."

"And is the hash never good?"

"It is not the quality of the hash, it is the uncertainty. When ignorance is bliss it is folly to ask the landlady what she put in the hash."

"How about pies?"

The pies are not altogether bad. The principal fault is that the stuffing, and not the crust, is short."

"Of course you can't stick a fork in the gravy, to utilize a minstrel chestnut."

"Not only that, but it is dangerous to attempt it. I knew a fork to recoil when the attempt was made and bury itself in the ceiling."

"But the canned goods are good, are they not?"

"Canned goods are good—when they are young—but after you have sampled some of the canned fruits dished out at New York boarding-houses, you are prepared to believe the assertion that canned goods really do date back to Pompeii, and even further than that."

"Is the spring chicken really tough?"

"It is too tough to make car-springs out of it, and the sausages are tough enough to be made of pig iron."

Doubtless Sykes exaggerates to some extent, but there is no doubt that the city landlady procures the cheapest of food, and cooks it in the most infamous style. Of course, there is no law compelling the

What of that? If she does not see everything you do, so much the better for you.

But, father, she is deaf.

All the better for you if she can't hear what you say when you swear and go on.

But she is lame, besides.

That's another advantage; she can't be following you up when you go out.

But, father, she is hump-backed.

Well, when you take into consideration how much money she has got, you can hardly expect her to have no faults at all.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE MASTODON.

This animal lived and grew in prehistoric times, which accounts for the fact that it has left no history and only a few skeletons. Were it not for the skeletons, its very existence would have been questioned, but no one can dispute that a mastodon's skeleton must have at some time had a mastodon on it.

Having settled beyond a doubt that there was once a mastodon, it may be of interest to know what associates the mastodon had when it was flourishing. As this is a prehistoric animal, it no doubt had prehistoric ladies and gentlemen hunting it or reducing it to a beast of burden and riding on its back, while prehistoric boys and girls threw mud and prehistoric eggs at the circus. It is strange that in the whirl of ages the mastodon has disappeared, and of his contemporaries only the prehistoric maidens remain.

The mastodon in his day was a very large animal. The elephant of to-day would be but a pug dog in comparison to it. If mastodons were very numerous, it is no wonder that those prehistoric people died many years ago. They must have been terribly worried by the fear of being stepped on by one of them.



WHOLESALE RATES WANTED.

JERSEYMAN—Say, how much is the fare to New York?

TICKET AGENT—Dollar twenty-five.

JERSEYMAN—Gosh! Can't yer knock a little off for quantities? Me 'n' the old lady 'n' my boy Silas here is goin' together in a bunch.

stranger in New York to put up at a boarding house, but unless he is very wealthy he will not care to reside any great length of time at a first-class hotel, and all other hotels are simply boarding-houses.

MATRIMONIAL ITEM.

Father—I don't understand why you object to marrying that girl. She is rich and comes of a good family.

Son—But, father, don't you know that she is blind in one eye?

Everything must have been on a grand scale in those days of old, if our sources of information are reliable. Enormous cats chased rats as large as yearling calves, and horses of enormous size pranced about. Perhaps it was lucky for the mastodon that he was large, for some of the other animals might have got away with him.

E. R. C.

A CORRECTION.

He—What a lovely foot you have.

She—It is no foot at all. It's only eight inches.

THE NEW EDITOR.



PAPER published in a large Western town was in need of a young man. It was not necessary for him to be a full-fledged editor, or particularly gifted in carelessly handling the truth, as the position was an insignificant one and did not require a vast amount of talent.

Jim Neverflush applied for the position. Jim was a worthless kind of a man, totally unreliable. He also drank like the star of a minstrel combination.

"The position is not a good one," said the editor to whom he applied, candidly, "and the work is not entirely in the literary line."

"Oh, that don't make any difference to me," said Jim; "in fact I like to have a variety of things to do—it kinder breaks the monotony."

"You'll get all the variety you want. Sometimes you would be asked to write wrappers, as we send out many sample copies each week."

"One of my strong points is socking sample copies throughout the country."

"I am pleased to hear it. There are other things you would be expected to do. For instance, the paste would have to be mixed each morning, and the office swept."

"Certainly, sir."

"And never let the scissors get dull. Make it a point to see that they are kept in good condition for writing the original humor column."

"I will, sir."

"Can you set type?"

"I am sorry to say I can't."

"That's too bad, for you could have made yourself useful setting up the mail list during your lunch hour. The salary will be eight dollars a week, and if everything is satisfactory you can start in to-morrow."

"You can rely on me," said Jim, taking his leave.

Jim proceeded to the nearest saloon to treat his friend Neverflush to a drink, and while there met an acquaintance named Goode.

"I've struck it rich, old man," said Jim, slapping Goode on the back. "Oh, it's a regular snap. I'm in the newspaper business now."

"You in the newspaper business?"

"Yes; all brain work. I just signed a five years' contract down at the Herald office to assume entire charge of the editorial department. It wont be many weeks before I will be known all over the country. One of the conditions of the contract is that my name is to appear as the editor in large type. So that there would be no misunderstanding I had the size of the type mentioned in the contract."

"What size was it?"

"Double great primer."

"I guess this brain work business is one of your dreams, isn't it?"

"Not much. Get a cool hundred bones a week, too. Two more beers, barkeep."

[Scene in the Herald office about half an hour later.]

Business manager (to managing editor)—"Did you hire anybody to fill that position you were speaking of yesterday?"

"Oh, yes. I got a fellow named James Neverflush. He's to start—"

"Great Scott! You don't mean that tank! Why, he'd be a disgrace to an Anarchist paper."

"I didn't know he drank."

"Drank! That fellow actually drinks so much he don't get time to eat. Bounce him! fire him! give him the rowdy-dow as soon as possible."

Next day Goode again met Jim.

"Well, how does brain work agree with you?"

"The thing is off. I threw up the whole business this morning."

"What for?"

"They tried to impose on me. What do you think the slinking swindlers wanted to do?"

"Give it up."

"Wanted to change the clause in the contract about my name being set up in double great primer. They wanted to make it ordinary brevier. I refused to submit to it. Left the office indignantly. Brevier, bah!"

LEWIS M. SWEET.

ECCLESIASTICAL ITEM.

An English bishop lately ordained a young gentleman as deacon, and felt it necessary to send for the clergyman who had recommended him.

"What may your lordship want with me?"

"I wish, sir, to speak about that young man."

"What young man, your lordship?"

"The young man, sir, whom I ordained. I want you to keep him in check. I had great difficulty, sir, in keeping him from examining me!"

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

A young man with a speculative optic called at an insurance office in Indianapolis, the other day, and asked what a policy on his mother's life for \$2,000 would cost. He explained that he had bought some real estate, and that as future payments would crowd him some, he thought to realize enough on the old lady's death, as she could not live long, to help him out. The insurance man advised him not to stop at any half measures, but secure the old lady's skeleton as well, and dispose of it to one of the medical colleges.

DISAPPOINTED CURIOSITY.

Swayback Lucy—Has yer heard from yer husband Gabe since he done luff yer?

Matilda Snowball—I done got one letter from him outer de postoffice.



"I like a variety of things to do," said Jim.

I spo'se after de way he 'bused yer and beat yer, dat yer sent it back ter him widout openin' it?"

You jess bet I didn't open de letter after de way he treated me. No, indeedy, I didn't. I'd see him in his coffin fust.

But dar mout hab been a five-dollar bill in de letter. No, dar warn't no five-dollar bill in de letter; de low, mean, wufless yaller moke.

How does yer know dat, ef yer didn't open de letter?

I got my sister ter open de letter. He wanted me ter send him his razor and his stove-pipe hat and all de money I could spar.

ABOUT AUTHORS.



VERYBODY seems to think a literary life is an easy one. As a general thing the life of the author is as full of discrepancies as a shad is of bones. He has all kinds of troubles and complications with publishers, with critics, and above all with the public, which refuses to buy the fruit of his brain, and with the landlady who wants to be paid.

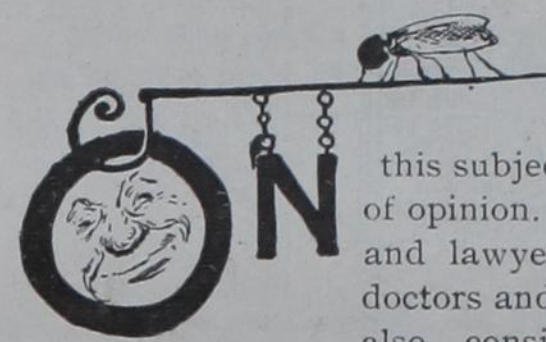
The only authors that can snap their fingers at the publishers are persons of high degree. When the Prince of Wales or the Crown Prince of Russia publishes a book he never feels uneasy, for no matter whether it sells or not, he will get his royalty just the same.

However, in spite of publishers and critics the literary man finds an occasional oasis in the Sahara of life. During a riot at Belfast, Ireland, an author, to whom life had no attractions, was shot at but not hurt, the ball being unable to go through the manuscript which was in his breast pocket. He was the author of a play,

and the bullet had not strength enough to get beyond the fourth act. This should encourage us all to try and lead a literary life.

One reason why so many novels are failures is their failure to be thrilling. Of course the tale does not have to be, in order to succeed, as thrilling as that of a rattlesnake, but it ought to thrill some. If the story is not thrilling it will be a failure in nine cases out of ten unless it is immoral. Lady authors seem to leave this out and substitute immodesty for brilliancy.

IN REGARD TO LAWYERS.



ON this subject there is a diversity of opinion. There are lawyers and lawyers, just as there are doctors and doctors, and there is also considerable variety in

preachers. There are doctors and quacks, and there are lawyers and shysters. When a judge asked a recently convicted man: "Have you anything to offer the court?" the man replied: "Your Honor, my lawyer took my last cent."

This type of lawyer is said to flourish like a green bay tree planted by the river of waters, particularly in the large cities. In New York the vicinity of the Tombs fairly swarms with them.

Procrastination is the weapon which many lawyers rely on most to defeat justice. They appreciate the force of the maxim that "he who gains time gains everything." After a few continuances the public interest in the case dies out, and then if the case is really called for trial the accused has an easy time of it. The case of Sheriff Flack is a notable instance of this fact.

There is good reason to believe that when the Angel Gabriel blows his trumpet a vast army of lawyers will rise up, and, from sheer force of habit, move for a continuance of the case.

AN INCONSIDERATE WOMAN.

Tramp—Is this old coat all you've got for a poor man?

Lady—That's all; but half an hour ago I gave a poor man a pair of pants and a vest.

Tramp—Humph! You were in a devil of a hurry to get rid of 'em. You might have waited that half an hour.

TESTING HIS AFFECTIONS.

Hostetter McGinnis—Miss Esmerelda, if you only knew how much I love you. There is no sacrifice I'd not be willing to make for your sake.

Esmerelda—Is that so? Are you really in earnest?

I am, indeed. Try me!

Then marry my oldest sister, so it will be my turn next.

A DISCOURAGING REPLY.

Affectionate Relative—Why do you sit so far off, Cousin Jennie? Come over here on the sofa and sit alongside of me.

Cousin Jennie—I'm thinking that for a distant relative, you are near enough already.



STOCKS RISING.

"Familiar quotation," said the stockholder as he examined the ticker.

Rotation



HOW THE JUDGE SELECTED.

Judge Glenn had no boys of his own, so he decided to take some bright lad into his office and train him up in the mysteries of the law according to his own notions.

Two applicants awaited him one morning as he stepped into his book-lined sanctum, both bright and handsome, with honest young faces it was a pleasure to look into. "Well, boys, here you are on time, clean as two new pins and ready to listen to a little story I have in mind to tell you. It's a capital story, and every word of it is true.

When I was a young fellow a little taller than you, we were much annoyed at night by the hooting of an owl which seemed to have a special liking for our bit of woods near to the house. My mother particularly disliked to hear it, and one evening before retiring I loaded my father's old rifle, and placing it in the lower hall, decided to have a crack at Mr. Owl if he commenced his serenading that night. The moon filled the valley with a white radiance and not a breath of air was stirring.

About midnight I was awakened by a faint call from far across the meadow, "Too hoot, too hoot, too hoo!" I thought I must have dreamed it, the echo was so faint and far away. But presently I heard it again, louder and more distinct. Then all was silent for two or three moments. I was so sleepy I had half a mind to roll over and go off again to slumber land, but was startled by a voice that seemed to cry just outside my window: "Too hoot, too hoo!" In a second I was scrambling into my clothes.

"Jimmy! be careful now," called my mother after me, as I ran down stairs.

By the time I reached the yard, the owl was in a large elm tree in the barn lot. I could see him complacently perched there, and creeping along the fence, shaking a little with excitement, I took aim.

Flap, flap went the owl's big wings at that moment, and carried him to the barn roof. Now I would have him. Bang, bang went the rifle! Springing over the fence I ran to seize my victim, but was arrested by a cry of terror from my mother, who said: "O Jimmy, the barn is on fire; the barn is on fire!" Sure enough, there was a slender flame from the roof and a curl of smoke.

I had shot into the hay and fired it. In the barn were many valuable horses. In a very short time the hired men and neighbors were at work rescuing the stock, but my own beautiful horse, which I loved very dearly, was burned to death.

The Judge paused. The boys eagerly intent leaned toward him with glowing countenances.

"What did your mother say?" asked one, while the other little fellow half hesitatingly said:

"Judge, what became of the owl?"

And the second boy was the one the judge wanted. He knew how to stick to the point.

When Spring-time comes the trees put on

Their gorgeous coats of green;

But man, with ulster under arm,

At pawn-shop door is seen.

Then, when the blasts of Autumn strip

Their raiment from the trees,

Man hies once more unto that door

With many a dismal sneeze.



your gracious permission, I will show our friends that I haven't entirely Petered out as a headsmen myself."

And in about one second, standard time, the office of Eminent First Assistant Fastener of the Imperial Cuff-buttons was ready for the highest candidate on the eligible list.

Peter grinned.

Then pointing to the two gory heads: "The old adage, you see. Two heads are always better than one!"

VINCENT YORK.

EVIDENTLY INSANE.

"Do you think Mr. O'Rafferty was in his right mind when he died?" asked the lawyer in a disputed will case.

"To my notion he was not, sor."

"What are your reasons for believing that he was not in his right mind at the time he drew his last breath?"

"Because, sor, whin he drew his last breath he didn't draw it with a corkscrew. Niver before, in his whole loife, did he draw anything that had a strong smell of whisky about it, widout usin' a corkscrew."

A SLOW WAY OF RAISING THE PILE.

Mr. Parrott (bestowing a nickel on small boy)—My son, cheer up; the poorest American boy may some day hope to be President, or at least a Senator!

Small Boy—Yes, boss; but it 'll take a mighty long time at der rate of a nickel a tip.

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

Peter the Great, in accordance with his amiable custom, was about to behead with his own royal hand a condemned prisoner, when Lord Vizzjiluvxzqj-pfmi, the Eminent First Assistant Fastener of the Imperial Cuff-buttons, presumed on the favor he enjoyed to interrupt him.

"My liege, permit me," he said.

And before the astonished monarch could reply, the head of the criminal lay before them.

"Was it not well done, my liege?" asked the noble lord, with a self-satisfied smirk.

"Exceedingly well," the Czar responded with a smile that boded ill. "Now, with

EXCESSIVE CURIOSITY.

A person who wants to know everything that is going on is a person to be shunned. Curiosity is the fatal stone over which so many stumble and fall. Beware of the inquisitive person, for you may be sure that a wonderful curiosity to know all is invariably accompanied by as great a desire to tell it again.

It is generally conceded that woman has much more curiosity than man. It was so *ab initio*. Eve's curiosity, more than a yearning for cheap fruit, makes countless millions mourn. At the same time, it often happens that what in woman is called "curiosity," in a man is grandiloquently magnified into "the spirit of inquiry."

Inquisitive people are merely the funnels of conversation. They do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

Speaking of curiosity, Rochefoucauld says: "There are different kinds of curiosity—one of interest, which causes us to learn that which would be useful to us; and another of pride, which springs from a desire to know that of which others are ignorant."

There is still another kind which is hinted at in the following item: "Glass windows were first used in the year 1180. Previous to that time domestic affairs were observed through knot-holes."

A LESSON IN ECONOMICS.

Grafton—There goes Guffum. I lent that measly duck ten dollars six months ago, and he has never paid it back yet!

Wiggins—Serves you right. It is always hard to get back money from the fraud you-lent.

OF COURSE.

Mr. Hippo—Doctor, I'm troubled with a buzzing in my head.

Dr. Pille—Ah, that comes from too close application to buzziness.

A BUSINESS BOOM.

Brown—How is your new business coming on?

Robinson—It's booming. I have recently been obliged to hire a clerk, who does nothing except to cheer up the creditors.





ON THE DIZZY HEIGHTS OF GLORY.

MULCAHY (just landed)—And can this be yureself, Pat Casey? Why, yez look loike a mimber av Parlymint!

CASEY (sniffing)—A mimber av Parlymint! Why, man aloive, I'm de Boss av de doubtful 'Steenth war-r-rd!

CALLERS.

Everybody has a variety of callers. The doctor calls on the healthiest of mortals once in a while, and we ourselves have been known to "call" the other fellow, just to see what kind of a hand he was proprietor of. There are pastoral calls for those who attend church, and calls from the sheriff for those who do not advertise. The man who does not pay as he goes is afflicted with calls from men with long faces, who present long bills, with the query written at the bottom: "What sort of a picturesque dead beat are you, anyhow?" But five fourths of the calling is done by the ladies.

Whenever a lady receives a call, be the caller male or female, she wants to appear at her best, and "paralyze 'em." There was a ring of the door-bell of a mansion on Madison avenue not long since, and a nicely-dressed gentleman was ushered into the parlor by the French servant, who had recently arrived from Cork. The lady of the house spent thirty two minutes, by an elegant Waterbury watch, arranging her hair, before she tripped lightly down stairs. [N. B.—Residents on Madison avenue always trip lightly.] Imagine her feelings when the visitor proved to be a book agent. The servants say that she kicked him as he passed through the door, but as the above incident happened on Madison avenue the servants' story is hardly to be credited.

It sometimes happens that the lady is "not in" when she really is in, and the stupid servant at the door says to the visitor: "Missus says she's not in, mum."

An authority on calling gives the following tips on calling, which may be of benefit to some of our readers—and callers:

"In calling there are two important things to be remembered. First, when to call; second, when to rise and hang on to the door handle. Some people make one-third of the call before rising, and then complete it while airing the house and giving the baby a bad case of pneumonia, by holding the door open. There are others who consider this low and vulgar, and their idea of the proper contortion is to make at least one-fourth of the call in the hall, and the balance between the front door and the gate."

Different authorities differ as to the proper time for calling. Some think you should not call before three, or after five, P. M., but if you

have had any experience, and a little common sense to start with, you will know when to call as soon as you have looked at your hand.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

A DESPONDENT MAN.

Friend—You are looking blue this morning.

Sad-faced Man—Yes, and I am feeling blue. You know my wife ran away with the clown of a circus about a month ago.

Friend (sighing)—Yes, I heard of it. Dear friend, my heart bleeds for you, but we must try and look on the bright side of things. Perhaps she will return.

Sad-faced Man—That's just it; tha's what keeps me awake at night; that's why I have the blues. I have got a letter from her saying she is coming back. What have I got to live for now?

SHE DID NOT FILL THE BILL.

Ecstatic Young Man (to dark brunette)—How I could love you, Miss Fanny—if—if. May I confess to you?

Brunette (blushing)—What is it?

Ecstatic Young Man—I could love you, Miss Fanny, with all my heart if you only had blue eyes and blond hair.

A DISAPPOINTED HUSBAND.

Sympathetic Friend—I hear that your partner has skipped with twenty thousand dollars of your money.

Business Man—Yes, but that's not all the ungrateful scoundrel did.

Friend—What else did he do?

Business Man—He neglected to take my wife along with him, and he has been flirting with her for the last six months, the ungrateful hound.

A SYMPATHETIC COLORED YOUTH.

Lackey (to newly hired colored boy)—You will have to be very careful. The boss can't see a scrap of paper on the floor.

Colored Youth—Am dat so? Not when yer p'int hit out ter him? De Lor', how short-sighted he must be! Why don't he wear glasses?

ROUGH ON THE TAILOR.

Jones—I have just ordered three new suits.

Smith—You don't say so! Are you in such a flourishing condition financially that you can afford it? Of course I can't afford it; but my tailor can.

A CONSIDERATE NOVELIST.

Gilhooly—Have you read my last novel?

Gus De Smith—Yes, read it last week.

How do you like it?

I think Major Harold should have married Maude.

She was too good for him. I don't think that, and you wouldn't either, if you knew him as well as I do. I didn't propose to let him have Maude. She was too good for him.

TEXAS VERSUS KANSAS.

Several gentlemen from different States were discussing the merits of their particular homes.

"Kansas is a great State. We raise sixty bushels of corn," said a man from Kansas, "and 200 bushels of potatoes to the acre."

"But have you Kansas people any market for your produce?" asked a man from Connecticut.

"Certainly they have," responded an envious Texan; "they raise enough grasshoppers and potato bugs to eat up ten times the corn and potatoes they can raise."

Daughter—I have a prickling burning feeling on my cheek.

Father—Tell him to shave more frequently.



WHERE HE WANTED TO GO.

PREACHER (who had been telling the Sunday-school class about the future abode of the just and the unjust)—And now, my children, where do you want to go?

SMALL BOY (on the front bench)—Want to go home!



UNITING CHURCH AND STATE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER—My little boy, can you tell me what is the reward of him who follows righteousness?

LITTLE BOY—He has a chance to become Postmaster-General!

COLORED THEOLOGY.

Said the Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter, of the Austin Blue Light Tabernacle, to Jim Webster:

"I hasn't seed yer in de sanctuary of de Lord sense yer wuz married."

"I wuz dar, all de same," said James, sullenly.

"Whar bouts wuz yer sittin' las' Sunday—near de doah?"

"I wuz sittin' on de bank ob Onion Creek haulin' out perch an' catfish las' Sunday."

"Den whaffor did yer tole me yer wuz in church for den?"

"Because I wuz dar," responded Jim.

Reverend Whangdoodle came very near losing his temper. He grasped his umbrella firmly, shook his head and blurted out:

"What yer mean by triffin' wid yer pasture?"

"Parson," said Jim, coolly, "didn't yer see my wife Belindy in de church?"

"Sartinly, she war. She is dar ebery Sunday."

"Well, den, ef she war dar, I wuz dar, too, fur de Bible says er man an' his wife am one, an' ef dat am

so, she couldn't be dar widout me, eben ef I wuz six m'les off on Onion Creek yankin' de fish outen de water—could she—say, Parson?"

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

A large organization of New York total abstainers, not long since, wanted to have a little private supper at a prominent hotel, and one of their number was appointed a committee to consult with the proprietor about the arrangements. The proprietor objected to furnishing French coffee at the close of the banquet, unless they were willing to pay forty dollars extra.

"Why do you charge such a ridiculous price for coffee?"

"I'll tell you confidentially why I have to charge so much for coffee at the banquet. These total abstinence fellows drink so much wine that they get so full they cannot go home, but have to stay all night in the hotel, and then they have to pay me extra for a night's lodging and breakfast. On the other hand, if they have coffee, it sobers them up so that they can stagger home, and I lose the price of their having to stay at the hotel that night and next morning. Are you on?"

HE DIDN'T KNOW.

Mr. and Mrs. Hagerty Flynn, although married for twelve or fifteen years, were not blessed with offspring, so they adopted a little boy, Johnny, who is now five or six years old. Not long since, however, a son and heir was born unto them. One of the visitors remarked jokingly to Johnny:

"I believe I'll take the baby home to my house, Johnny."

"No, don't take the baby away," replied Johnny, rubbing his eyes, "we don't know yet when we are going to have any more."

DEATH OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"When did George Washington die?" asked a teacher in a New York public school.

"Is he dead?" was the astonished reply. "Why, it was not more than a week ago that we were celebrating his birthday, and now he is dead. It's a bad year on children. I reckon his folks let him eat something that didn't agree with him, or maybe the grip got away with him."

CONVIVIAL ITEM.

One of the best known after-dinner speakers of New York was returning home from a banquet, when he stumbled across another prominent New Yorker, who was coming from the opposite direction.

"Ish thish Fifth avenue?" asked No. 1.

"How should I know? I wash at the banquet myshelf."

MERELY A HINT.

Belated Traveler (punching slumbering policeman in the stomach with his cane)—Say, you are an officer, ain't you?

"Of course I am," replied the slumberer, rubbing his eyes.

"Are you on duty?"

"Why, of course I am on duty."

"But you were asleep."

"No, I wasn't asleep; I was just pretending to be asleep."

"What for?"

"Nothing in particular, only I think it is my duty to pretend to be asleep, as a kind of hint to these society galoots that they ought to be at home in bed instead of bumming about the streets at two o'clock in the morning. Move on, now, or I'll run you in."

How can a deaf man exercise sound judgment?

DISCOURAGED PEDAGOGUE.

"How many hours are there in a day?" asked a Texas teacher.

"I reckon there must be more than twenty-four hours in a day now," was the reply.

"Haven't I told you more than forty times that there were only twenty-four hours in a day?"

"Yes; and yesterday I heard you say that the days were getting longer. I supposed that there must be about twenty-five hours a day now."

A SAD CASE.

A solemn-looking man entered a cigar store in a Texas town, and said to the man on deck in a dismal tone of voice:

"I would like to smoke a cigar, but I want something really good."

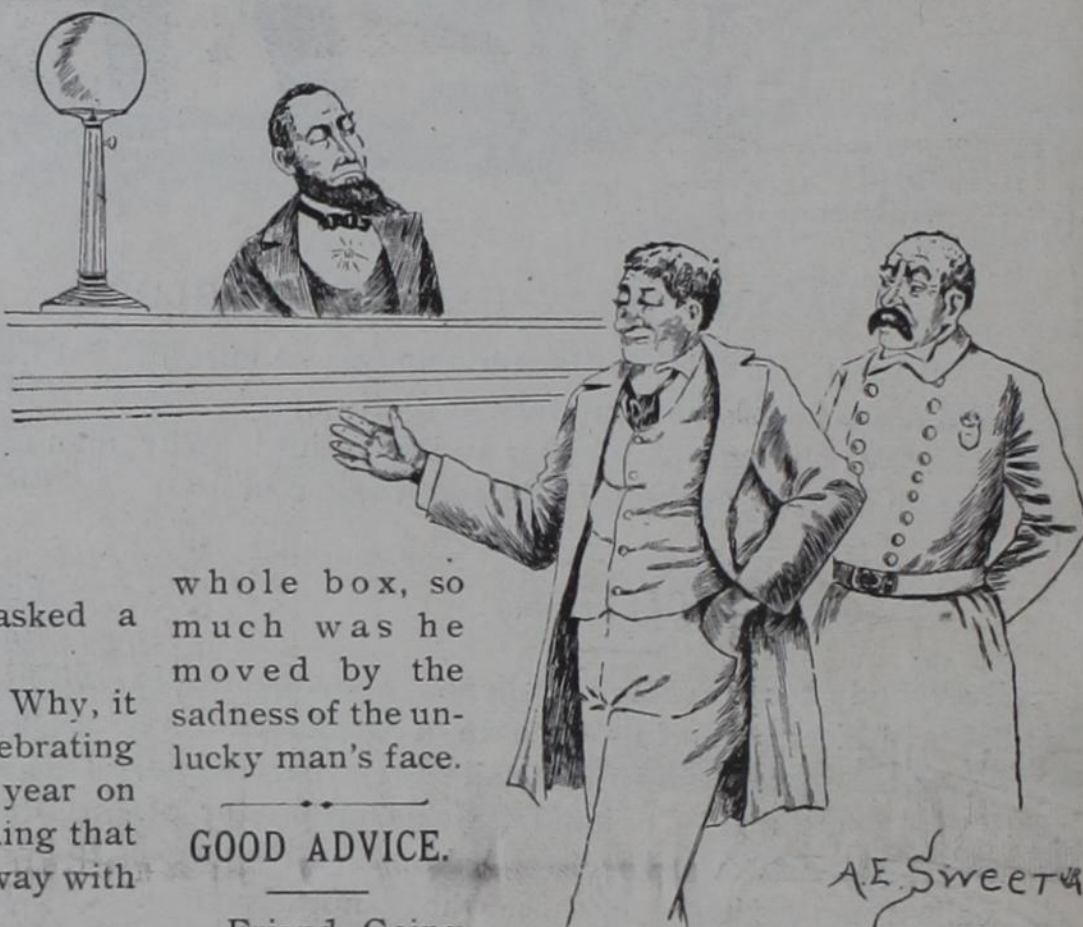
"Perhaps you would like a fine imported Havana cigar?"

"No, I can't smoke an imported cigar."

"That is very singular. What is the reason of that?"

"Because my income does not permit it. I am one of the unfortunate Texas Republicans President Harrison has gone back on."

The tobacconist began to cry, and handed over a



whole box, so much was he moved by the sadness of the unlucky man's face.

GOOD ADVICE.

Friend—Going to bring out your new play?

Author—Yes, in a few weeks.

Playwright—If you will take my advice you will bring it out during very cold weather, and see that the theatre is not heated.

Author—Why should I do that?

Playwright—So that the first nighters will be compelled to stamp and clap their hands to get warm.

A PERVERSE WOMAN.

Gilhooly—So Ferguson's wife is dead.

Gus De Smith—Yes, she died yesterday.

She was an awful contrary woman.

She was that, about everything, and she kept it up to the last. In fact, I don't think she would have died at all if it hadn't been for her perverseness.

Why, how was that?

She was very sick, and her husband with tears in his eyes said: "Dear Jane, you must not die." Then she looked at him, and said: "I'll show you whether I will die or not," and turning her face to the wall, was dead in a minute.

NO NONSENSE ABOUT HIM.

They were talking of death, when one man asked: "What were his last words?"

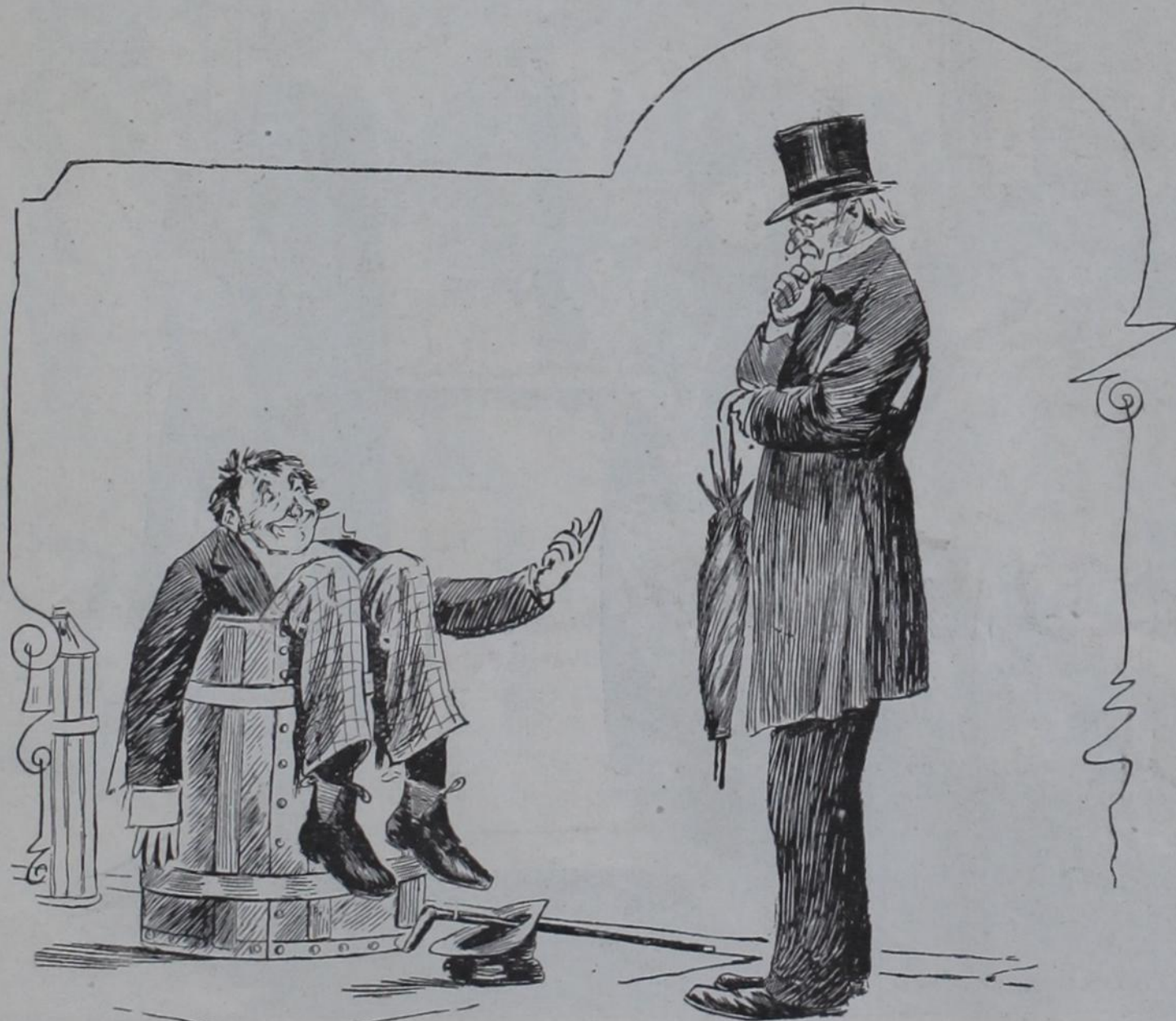
"He didn't say anything," was the reply.

"That's just like him," said the first man, with an approving nod; "there was no gas about him. He was all business."

ROUGH ON BIRDIE.

Birdie McGinnis—My great hobby is art. I do dearly love to paint.

Gilhooly—I'm glad to hear that. It convinces me that I am an expert physiognomist, for I knew it by the looks of your face for some time past.



AN EXPLANATION.

CLERGYMAN (reproachfully)—Why, Jones, you are intoxicated!

JONES—You'd be 'tossicated, too, if you had as many beers in you as I have. Just put yershef in my plaish!



"JEANNE D'ARC."

"PARISINA" DESCRIBES BERNHARDT'S NEW PLAY FOR THE YOUNG PERSON.



STRANGE TO SAY, there always seems to come a time in the course of every Frenchman's career when he feels it incumbent upon him to take a turn in the paths of virtue, which he has hitherto carefully eschewed as much too monotonous and stupid. Authors are not exempt from this. Having made a reputation with novels

from which the prudish turn away in horror, they suddenly repent themselves—as we say here—of the crudity of their works, and hanker after the laurels of the moralist. Better late than never, you will say. Yes, truly; but the change is often too rapid to be thorough and honest. *Quand le diable se fait vieux il devient hermite.* The devil, however, may disguise himself in a hermit's cowl. It only covers the horns; it does not do away with them altogether. In the case of play-writers and novelists, the reason for this sudden right-about-face often is to be found in a desire to obtain a seat in one of those forty arm-chairs beneath the dome of the Institute. It was so with Zola, who it is pretty clear wrote "Le Rêve," that he might aspire to the title of Academician, for talent is not the only title to distinction that a man needs to get him a place among the immortals in the green-embroidered coats. He must not only have written books that have brought him reputation (in some cases the reputation may have been made another way, and the books be an accident, as it were), he must be a gentleman, fit to consort with gentlemen, cleanly in his life—or, at least, to outward seeming—and his literary baggage must contain something beside highly spiced novels, however cleverly written, something that all the world may read and the learned brethren discourse upon in their sessions without shame.

But I am not going to write about Academy or Academicians, Zola or any other favorite author. Who, dating a letter from Paris this week, could possibly discourse on any other subject than Sarah Bernhardt? Why, then, this preamble about freshly trod paths of virtue? You shall see. Sarah, who had, one would think, exhausted every sort of success, lately grew desirous of other applause than those of "Tout Paris." She hankered after the appreciation of youth and innocence. She longed to play to an audience of budding maidenhood and half-licked hobbledehoyes. In a word, the path of virtue attracted her footsteps. You never know what such a woman as Sarah Bernhardt may be after. Versatility is one of her great charms—and she has so many.

It is reported, and I believe with reason, that it was a letter she received from a lady—the mother of girls and boys—which caused her to cast about for something *honnête*, and led to her choice of "Jeanne D'Arc" for her next creation. It goes without saying that the letter was full of well-penned compliments. But the compliments alone would not have fetched Sarah, who is bombarded with them from year's end to year's end. No; the really flattering part of the missive was not the compliments, but the desire, prettily expressed by the writer, that the actress should—if only exceptionally—play a piece altogether proper, and to which this lady, in common with other mammas, could conduct her young brood without fear of contaminating their morals.

As I have before now explained to you, a French parent's ideas of a play suitable to young people—more especially girls—is very restricted. English-speaking nations are squeamish about their literature—books or drama—and the French are not, this goes without saying; but the former do not consider that love, romance, marriage, are subjects which ought not to be broached before school-girls or growing lads, whereas

the latter do. I never heard of an American *paterfamilias* who would take his wife and not his daughter to see "Romeo and Juliet" or the "Lady of Lyons," though a strict disciplinarian here would think he was sowing the seeds of filial disobedience if he allowed his girl to listen to the pleading of Romeo or to sorrow with Pauline over the loss of her "low-born peasant" husband.

The only plays considered thoroughly fit for family use are those which, like "Athalie" and "Esther," never mention such a thing as love. Under these circumstances, "Joan of Arc" is a heroine who recommends herself to parents and guardians by reason of her virtue and detachment from all the ordinary joys of life, as much as for her insipid success as the defender of her country against the enemy.

After personating the courtesan of the modern and ancient world—the Lady of Camélias and Théodora, women of thread-bare virtue, such as La Tosca, Féodora, and Frou-Frou—it must certainly be a change and relief for Sarah to come out as the Maid of Orleans. Quite a new sensation, indeed. And we all know that new sensations are what "la Bernhardt" hankers after most. Why, she glories in being a grandmamma even—a thing which most pretty women fear—and not a day passes but the infant Maurice is brought round to the mansion of the Boulevard Pereire by his nurse (a superb Burgundian peasant-woman, got up theatrically in cream-white silk cloak and cap, with streamers to match floating down to her heels,) and dangles before the eyes of "granny," who looks almost as young as her daughter-in-law, and—to my mind—ininitely more attractive, though Yerka is pretty enough, too, in her way.

Before these lines appear in print—thanks to electricity—you will have heard that Sarah has scored one of her greatest successes in "Jeanne d'Arc." I cannot tell, of course, how far the eulogiums of the "Paris correspondents" have gone; but if they are one-tenth part as flattering as those of the French critics in this morning's papers, they would satisfy the actress, be she the most greedy after fame who ever walked the stage. I do not mean to quarrel with these gentlemen, and am quite ready to admit that I was as pleased and delighted as any of them. From the moment that Jeanne appeared before me in the paternal homestead, in her simple mediæval peasant costume, till the last act of the drama, when she expired in the flames of the burning pile, I was under a charm.

Yes, there is no doubt she is a great tragedian—a consummate actress. It was Joan you saw before you. The young maiden (even so, incredulous reader) who, since she was thirteen, has seen visions and heard voices; who will not listen to her cousin's protestations of love, stops him with a gesture—and this is the only word of love in the whole piece—who, having come into contact with the enemy—an English soldier is disarmed by one touch of her scythe, wielded by the arm of the inspired maid—feels that the hour has come and that she must go forth and obey the voices; who comes to Chinon, where Charles the Seventh is dallying with Iseult de Loré, convinces the king of her divine mission, and is placed by him at the head of his army; who conducts the siege of Orleans and enters the city in triumph; who appears at the coronation, surrounded by all the pomp of a victorious general, and is dubbed knight by the king whose kingdom she has saved from the invader; who falls from the height of power to the lowest depths of human misery; whom we see in her prison; and then at the bar nobly defending herself against the most unjust of judges; and who is finally burned as a witch in the market-place of Rouen, abandoned by the ignoble monarch whom she has served only too well, outraged and martyred by her enemies, and forgotten by her friends.

Jules Barbier is not a great poet. He has rhymed librettos by the score, and his verses fall very far short of the sublime. But he has great scenic power. And after all, the legend itself is so touching that it appeals directly to us and we forget to be difficult about the quality of the poetry. Then there is Gounod's beautiful music to help it along. We must not forget this. The orchestra plays an important part, as in many melodramas the principal speeches are accompanied by appropriate music, and in some cases by the chorus also. Two of the scenes—that of the coronation at Rheims and the *auto-da-fé* at Rouen—are purely operatic. I do not think enough has been said about the music, which at some moments almost reaches the regions of the sublime.

Nor must we pass over in silence the effect produced by the spectacle. The scenery is superb. Even at the Grand Opera House I have never seen anything equal to the grandeur of some of the tableaux—that of the ca-

thedral, for instance, with its lofty nave and shadowy aisles, the huge altar in copper *repoussé* work, and the crowd of *figurants* in various costumes—historically correct; the clergy, the king and queen, the courtiers and soldiers, the ladies-in-waiting and *dames de la cour* in their high-peaked head-dresses, and the inspired maid among them all, with her banner in her hand, clad in coat of mail partly concealed by a white-leather doublet, richly emblazoned.

Truly, the scene-painter and the costumer have done much for Barbier's "Jeanne d'Arc," and for Sarah, too, and when we applaud the heroine, we also applaud all those who have lent their aid in getting up this "dramal-legend" (so it is called), about which all Paris is talking, and after which it will be running for the next hundred nights or so. Happy M. Duquesnel! Here is a real success and one that will fill his pockets. It must be admitted he has spent money like water and spared nothing. Nor the velvets and embroidery, nor the gilding and jewels, nor the number of the *figurants*; he has employed artists of repute to design the dresses and the first scene-painters; his orchestra is excellent and his choruses admirably trained. He owes that lady correspondent of Sarah Bernhardt's a good turn, and it is to be hoped he will send her a box, for her and those girls and boys of hers so eager to make acquaintance with the great *artiste*. When the proposal was first made to him to revive Jules Barbier's piece, he hesitated on the score of expense, because if he did it at all, he meant to do it well. It was he who suggested the cathedral scene, which did not exist in the original piece. Well, he will certainly have his reward, and for some months to come the Porte St. Martin is sure to make a full house every night.

There will not be a maiden between twelve and twenty who does not expect to be taken to see "Jeanne d'Arc." Sarah is henceforth the cynosure of boarding-schools. Papa and mamma will have no peace until they promise to take their daughters to the play, and since she partly chose the piece for their benefit—as the stories run—they will doubtless get what they want. But if Sarah was eager for the plaudits of the young generation—those of the elder having been showered upon her with no miserly hand—she was also glad to do Jules Barbier a good turn. For he it was who first intrusted Sarah—then obscure and unknown—with a new part to create, a poor little part, it is true, in a piece which I never heard of before, "La Loterie du Mariage," and Sarah is not ungrateful or unmindful of kindness. This is no small thing to say of a woman who has climbed to the highest pinnacle of notoriety and has been flattered to the top of her bent; into whose ears praises have been sung till there is no compliment left unsaid to say to her; and who, this week, has been actually smothered beneath honeyed phrases, laudatory criticisms, and ecstatic prose of every description.

PARISINA, in the Argonaut.

PARIS, January 4, 1890.

SURPRISES.

There are numerous ways of being surprised. Some surprises are agreeable, while others are tinged with disgust of the most pronounced kind. There are surprises which are so sudden as to cause death. A surprise of the latter type occurred not long since in Milwaukee. A gentleman arose and offered his seat to a lady in a crowded street car. She said "thank you!" and the gentleman is still confined to his bed.

In Pennsylvania a surprise overtook a man who went to sleep in an engine house, using a box of dynamite for a pillow. When he awoke he was surprised to find that his head was blown off.

A fashionable young lady at Saratoga last summer wore her hair very high, and while she was riding on the outside of the tally-ho her wig was taken off and held by an overhanging bough. To this female Absalom this, too, was somewhat in the nature of a painful surprise.

When a girl gets in a husband a better man than she expected him to be, he is a sir-prise to her. If the streets of New York were cleaned properly, or any of the many needed reforms were carried, we would be so much surprised that we should feel a little faint for a while.

The world has lived with human beings on it for a good many hundred years, and the faithful wife and mother still ranks first among women. All other grades from her rank downwards.

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR the BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.

For Seasickness

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. PRICE, of the White Star S. S. *Germanic*, says: "I have prescribed it in my practice among the passengers traveling to and from Europe, in this steamer, and the result has satisfied me that if taken in time, it will, in a great many cases prevent seasickness."



IF your coffee is a little roily the cable dispatches will explain it.—Boston Herald.

THE report that the Ameer of Afghanistan is dead is a mere rumor.—Boston Herald.

TALK never seems cheap when the one talking to you is a little dear.—New Orleans Picayune.

LET this little Brazilian game go on, and may Uncle Sam get the rubber!—Lewiston Journal.

A WOMAN'S strange gait may not always be caused by her gaiter.—Binghamton Republican.

WHEN a Quaker argues with you he always does so in a Friendly way.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE queen of all bees is the husking bee. You can distinguish her by her red ear.—Lowell Mail.

THE woman who wants to be called pet names gets mad when you call her a little tart.—Boston Gazette.

PULLING the wool over a man's eyes naturally gives him a sheepish appearance.—Binghamton Herald.

WHEN a man is appointed to a foreign mission he leaves for the land of his berth.—Binghamton Leader.

THE man who rode a bicycle has a lame excuse for not attending to his daily business.—Merchant Traveler.

WE know a girl so cross-eyed that when she weeps tears from her left eye they fall on her right cheek.—Ledger.

THE quickest way for a man to get his circumstances straightened is to make them crooked first.—Baltimore American.

PARENTS should be careful in chastising their children and not switch them onto the wrong track.—Glens Falls Republican.

THE Squadron of Evolution felt at home at Boston. There are a great many evolutionists there.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

IT is a well-known if rather paradoxical fact that cut diamond rates are higher than the original price.—Baltimore American.

WHEN a man takes an "upper" in a sleeping-car he can at least claim the distinction of high berth.—Binghamton Republican.

POOR people with too many naughty boys in their families should send some of them to a nautical school.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE ex-King of Serbia is reported to have lost a quarter of a million francs at Monaco. Ex-Kings don't count in the game.—Boston Herald.

WHEN a girl gets married and has a hard time we all feel sorry for her, but we really ought to feel sorry for her mother.—Atchison Globe.

BECAUSE a thing is small of size think not that you may scorn it. Some insects have a larger waist but lift less than the hornet.—Chicago Journal.

"I AM proud to be in your sweet," said the fly in the sugar-bowl, winking his two thousand eyes at the lady of the house.—Boston Transcript.

THE name of a Sunday-school journal is the Advanced Quarterly. It were named appropriately were it the official organ of tenement landlords.—St. Joseph News.

FROUDE says: "Character must be hammered and forged," but it does not follow from this that the pugilist and swindler have an ethical utility.—Philadelphia Press.

COL. DARIUS ALDEN went to Augusta, Me., "without a cent in his pocket, opened a fur and hat store, and died on Thursday, at the age of eighty, worth over \$1,000,000." There is a lesson in this for young men who haven't a cent in their pockets.—Norristown Herald.

Angostura Bitters, the celebrated appetizer, of exquisite flavor, is used all over the world.

Suppressing the Government.

The "town" itself consisted of a general store, two dwellings, a blacksmith shop, and the railroad depot, and the post-office was in the back of the store, says a New York Sun writer. Three or four of us had ordered our mail directed there, supposing it to be a place of some importance. Therefore after the train had departed we went over to the store to make inquiry. The postmaster sat on his counter smoking a clay pipe, and nothing indicated that he was in a hurry. "After mail, eh?" as he looked us over.

"Yes."

"Did any of you ever think what a responsible position a postmaster occupies?"

None of us replied, and he crossed his legs, looked into vacancy, and continued: "He is part of the government. He represents the government. He is, to a certain extent, the government. As the government, he should command respect. Gentlemen, remove your hats."

"Who to?" demanded the wire fence man.

"To me, sir—to the government."

"Not by a blanked sight! If you are the postmaster of this jack rabbit post-office, then you hump yourself and hand out our mail!"

"Gentlemen, is them your sentiments, also?" queried the old man, as he turned to us.

"They are."

"Then you don't git a cussed letter out of this post-office. You have assumed the attitude of treasonists toward this government, and you don't git no favors from it."

"See here, you old lop-shouldered, gander-shanked idiot, do you mean to say you won't pass out our mail?" exclaimed the fence man, as his hair began to stand up like the barbs on his product.

"That's jist what I mean to say. This government don't bluff."

"Well, if you won't, then I will!" He started for the back room, but the postmaster hopped off the counter, and obstructed him, and said:

"This is high treason, for sure. This government warns you not to enter that room."

"Will you get our mail?"

"No, sir."

"Then stand aside."

The fence man pushed ahead and the postmaster took hold of him. Then there came a biff-bang! and the government was knocked over among a pile of rope and ax-handles. The Chicago man got him by the leg, drew him out-doors, stood him up, and "lifted" him, and as the old man started up the road on a run we went back to the post-office and wire fence, looked over the box of letters and passed out half a dozen. We were reading them in the shade of the depot building when the postmaster returned. One eye was nearly shut and he had his jaw in a sling.

"Get yer mail?" he asked, as he came sidling up.

"Yes."

"Want anything more?"

"No."

"Gents, want to explain my conduct. I got my commission as postmaster only three days ago. It didn't swell my head at all until the old woman began to say as how we now stood at the head of society here, and that the State of Nebraska and most of the Union rested on my shoulders, and she put it so strong that I got rattled and made an ass of myself. Gentlemen, the swelling has disappeared. Come over and take sunthin' out of my bottle."

Expert from Infancy.

Diamond Cutter (to farmer applying

for an apprenticeship for his son)—"I fear, sir, that the lad has not been so educated as to adapt him to my business. What does he know of facets and carats?"

Proud Father—"Fassets an' carrots! Gosh! Say, mister, afore that kid was two years old he could work the fassset on the cider bar'l, an' he ain't et much else but carrots all his life."—Jewelers' Weekly.

The Worst Man in Santa Barbara.

One of the hardest cases I ever knew was old "Buck" Wright, who lived in a log cabin twenty miles west of Paso Robles. He was called "the worst man in all San Luis Obispo county to cuss right right out loud when things went wrong." Old Faxon down at Ballard's was called the worst man in all Santa Barbara county to do the same thing. Wright had been a negro driver down South before the war; Faxon had been a bull-puncher over in Nevada. Some fellows had heard one of them swear and some had heard the other; but nobody around San Luis had heard both of them. So the boys wanted a match, and put up \$100. First, they tried to get Faxon to climb into a wagon they had and go to Paso Robles to meet Wright. But he said it was a dry summer, and grass was scarce; he hadn't no call to burn up all the cattle feed. Then we told that to Wright and asked him to go with us to Ballard's, where Faxon lived, and Wright answered that he couldn't swear worth a cent outside his own county. But folks that had known him since he was a snipe of a boy in Missouri told us he was too modest on that point. Then the boys raised the size of the purse, and it was finally agreed to have a match on the county line, but just before the details were settled old Faxon died.

When Wright came to the county he took a schooner at San Francisco to sail down the coast, a week's voyage, to Cayucas. The first day he was seasick, and he swore so badly that the sailors asked the captain to put back or they would have storms, and, sure enough, headwinds began the very next day, and they beat up and down the coast for two weeks. Wright's remarks grew worse every day, till at last the captain hauled in at the mouth of the Salinas, and landed him, "bag and baggage," 100 miles north of his port. Wright walked the rest of the way. That was where he got the fine touches of his swearing in perfection. He came into Paso Robles barefooted. The schooner? San Luis people say she was never heard of afterward.—New York Tribune.

Another View.

Baldheaded and very homely old gentleman to photographer—"Drat such pictures. Can't you make me look any better than that after five sittings?"

Photographer (thoughtfully exasperated)—"I think I can, sir, if you allow me to take the back of your head. It hasn't so much expression as the other side, but it's a blamed sight prettier."—Burlington Free Press.

The Wrong Club.

Wife (to husband coming in late)—"Here you are with a big head again, John. And it all comes from that hateful old club, too."

Husband—"You jush bet it does, wife; but I don't blame that club 'smuch as I do that beashly p'lishman. He is the man for you to tackle."—Time.

A Specific for Throat Diseases.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat troubles. "They are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—*Christian World*, London, England.

Manners of Men.

The tallest man in the crowd is sure to stand in front.

The women hate a liar, but they force a man to be one.

Man gives the compliments, but woman pays for them.

When a man succeeds in overcoming his disposition to talk too much, he writes too much.

How much more agreeable the man who wants to sell than the man who wants to buy!

Out of every ten statements made by the average man, he will finally deny nine of them.

A man is never old enough to get married until he is so old he does not care for marrying.

The mischief of it is that though traveling takes the conceit out of a man, coming back puts more in.

The trouble with your pretty man is that he is too pretty to be useful, and not pretty enough to be ornamental.

When a man has done a good thing, he sits down to rest, but when he has done a bad thing, he loses no time in doing another.

When a man is young he thinks to reform the world, but when he gets older, he is quite satisfied if he is able to reform himself.

The physical weakness of an acquaintance will call out a strong man's sympathy, but mental weakness only attracts his contempt.

When a man gets married, he is apt to think everybody should give him a present, but how he hates to buy presents for his friends when their day at the altar comes round!—Atchison Globe.

Luxurious Travel on the "Erie."

EDITOR OF TEXAS SIFTINGS:—I recently had occasion to travel from Cincinnati to New York, and made the journey on the Limited Express of the Erie Railway, which leaves Cincinnati at 1:40 p. m., and arrives in New York at 5:45 p. m. the next day. It was my first experience on a limited train, and my knowledge of what it was I must admit was exceedingly vague. I thought perhaps the view it afforded of the country was limited; or it was limited in time, or number of passengers; or maybe (though not probable) limited to people with a limited amount of money. But I found it to be a royal train fit for an emperor to go to his coronation in. In the first place it is vestibuled—inclosed together so that you pass from one car to another without any exposure to the weather. Then all the cars are sleepers of the latest improved pattern; and there is an elegant dining-car where you can dine luxuriously for less than it would cost you at an ordinary restaurant, taking all the time that you desire. The same train leaves New York for the West every day in the week at 3:00 p. m. from Chambers St. Ferry. Do not fail to take the Erie Railway limited, if you wish to travel with speed, safety and comfort. G.

A Vain Search.

Yellowly—"Why, Brownly, how bad you look this morning. Did you sleep any last night?"

Brownly—"Not a wink."

"Anybody sick?"

"I am."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, you see my wife has been in the habit of going through my pockets at night, and I thought what was good for the gander was good for the goose, so after she fell asleep last night I arose and set out to go through her pocket."

"Get anything?"

"No. Searched the dress over and over, spent the whole night at it, but couldn't find the pocket."—Boston Courier.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so too. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness and give strength and rest. Try them.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. N. L. JONES, JR.,

MEMBER LEGISLATURE, TWENTIETH DISTRICT PENNSYLVANIA.

Nathan L. Jones, Jr., was born in Roxborough, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on June 24, 1856. He was educated at private schools. At an early age went into the lumber business with his father, Nathan L. Jones. He served for five years in the National Guard, being commissioned Second Lieutenant of Co. D, 6th Regt., in October, 1875. He has always taken a deep interest in politics, being a staunch Republican; has held several positions of honor and trust. In November, 1888, was elected a member of the Legislature by a very flattering majority. Mr. Jones is widely known and highly respected in his district as a man of polished manners, pleasing address and cheery disposition.

Only a Dollar and a Half.

Many are the absurd transactions which take place in banks, some of them showing an overcautiousness in the care of money, and others, like the following, indicating an amusing ignorance of its value.

A Georgia paper says that a negro, the fortunate possessor of a valuable house and lot, one day sold his property for \$10,000.

He was given a check for that amount, which was carried in due time to one of the banks. The paying teller asked him how much of the money he wanted in cash.

"I wants all dat ar paper calls fur," replied the colored man.

"What! You don't want \$10,000 in cash?"

"Jesso, sah."

"All right," answered the man, and in five minutes he began piling the money on the counter.

As he laid the \$500 packages on the counter the colored man's eyes grew larger and larger. Finally, when twenty of the packages had been placed before him, he looked intently at them for a moment, and then, with a broad grin on his face, said:

"I'se jist paralyzed! Gimme a dollar 'n' a half 'n' you kin keep de rest till I call agin."—Youth's Companion.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

He Saw the Governor of Missouri.

The train was within twenty miles of Jefferson City when he turned around in his seat and asked: "S'pose the Guvner will be in Jefferson City?"

"I guess so."

"S'pose I kin git to see him?—think Mike Fanning'll let me in?"

"I presume so."

"Well, I want to see him powerful bad."

"Anything wrong?"

"Well, I calkerlate there is. My son Bill is in jail."

"That's bad. What for?"

"Fur shootin' at a skule-teacher who's bin and got a corner on all the cider in our county, and is holdin' on fur a rise."

"And what do you want of the Governor?"

"I want Bill pardoned out, in course; but I'm kinder frustrated about how to approach Guvner Francis. If he's down on corners and likes cider and carries a revolver strapped to him, I'm all right; but if he's sweet on edecashun, down on pistols, and don't keer a cent for apple-juice when he kin git lager, then Bill can prepare to roost behind them bars for the next three years."

He saw the Governor. Bill will continue to roost.—St. Louis Magazine.

What is more attractive than a pretty face with a fresh, bright complexion? For it use Pozzoni's Powder.

French Wives.

A Pittsburg young lady, writing from Paris to friends in this city, said: "I have a poor idea of French women, except as to their dress, which is at once a passion and an inspiration. It is true I have not had very many opportunities for judging women of the better class and of mature years, but so far as I can see, Americans are about right in saying that French wives at least leave undone those things which they ought to do, even if they do not do the things which they ought not to do."

The American girl at home is a wonderful institution, and the American girl abroad is a still more wonderful institution, but of another kind.

She fancies that she has opinions, and is prone to believe that she has reached a judgment when in reality she has merely absorbed a suspicion.

It is not our present purpose to break a lance for the women of France, but for the sober consideration of those who are now setting themselves up in the seat of Solomon we wish to call attention to a remark made recently by Madame Boulanger, when some one spoke of her husband. Said she: "When the General asked for a separation I refused to have anything to do with it, for I wished to be able to shelter him in his old age. That is my feeling still. It is not for me to judge him."

While our estimate of the American wife is that she is the peer of any woman on the face of the globe, in view of such a sentiment, expressed by a woman whose husband has treated her most unfaithfully, our American daughters should remember that a quick judgment is generally a superficial one.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

A Fatal Mistake.

Bluffers—"What's wrong to-day, Bluffers? You look blue."

Bluffers—"I'll never forgive myself. I kicked a caller out of my house last night."

"Huh! I've kicked out many a one. Young fellow, I suppose?"

"No, past middle age."

"Well, these old codgers have no business to be coming around sparking young girls. I kicked out one of that sort last week."

"Yes, but I've found out this man wasn't courting my daughter. He was after my mother-in-law."—Philadelphia Record.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

His Opinion of Grammar.

Little Tommy—"Can I eat another piece of pie?"

Mamma (who is something of a purist)—"I suppose you can."

Seeing the point: "Well, may I?"

"No, dear, you may not."

"Darn grammar, anyway."—America.

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters.

The Softest Place.

They were sleigh riding.

He—"I always pick out the softest place I can when I upset my sleigh."

She—"Why, I should think it would grow monotonous, always falling on your head."—St. Louis Magazine.

Opium and Morphine Habit Cured. No pain. No exposure. Trial free. Address THE COMPOUND OXYGEN ASSOCIATION, Fort Wayne, Ind.



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SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES
FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

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CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c. RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." Pimples, blackheads, chapped and itchy skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

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FOR MEN. Over 30,000 cases successfully treated in the leading Paris hospitals. Used in daily practice by all French physicians. Medals and Diploma of Honor, Paris Expositions. Acts with magical rapidity in new cases. Cures absolutely those chronic cases which other remedies only relieve. Full package remedies sent C.O.D., express prepaid \$5.00. Handsome pamphlet free.

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ANTI-MALARIA.

Why suffer from Malaria when you can protect yourself from it by wearing a Mexican Anti-Malaria Satchet? "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." The Mexican Anti-Malaria Satchet is a preventive—a protection against Malaria. Send one dollar and get a Satchet, and keep away Malaria. Address

KEITH SHELLMAN,
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Mention this paper.

READ WHAT

Dr. Campbell's Life Renewing
Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers
Have Done.

A Grand Island, Neb., lady writes: "Please send me a \$1 box of Dr. Campbell's Arsenic Complexion Wafers for they are doing me so much good I do not wish to neglect taking them, my health is greatly improved while my complexion is smooth as satin and rapidly becoming as clear as the creamy petals of a calla lily." By mail \$1

Depot, 220 61 ave., N. Y. All druggists. Mention this paper.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Georgie Drew Barrymore goes with W. H. Crane next season.

Stanley's African adventures are being dramatized for one of the London theatres.

Charles MacGeachy has booked old Jed Prouty for ten consecutive weeks next season in and around New York.

Mr. George Keogh, for many years Mrs. Langtry's manager, will manage Mr. Richard Mansfield for the rest of the season.

It has been settled that Mrs. Helen Dauvray-Ward will again go upon the stage next season, in a play by Sydney Rosenfeld.

The great prestidigitator, Herrmann, is crowding the People's Theatre nightly, this week. Matinees Wednesdays and Thursdays.

It is possible that Henry E. Dixey and E. E. Rice will not be associated in business after the end of the current season. It is gently whispered that Mr. Dixey intends to produce a new play for a summer's run at one of the theatres of New York which is usually kept open through the hot weather.

Miner Griswold's humorous illustrated lecture, "Tour Around the World," gives the greatest satisfaction wherever it is delivered. There is a growing demand for it among literary societies, lyceums, etc. A while ago he gave it before the Y. M. C. A. of New York (Harlem Branch) to a crowded house.

Minnie Palmer's next American tour, under the direction of Mr. W. W. Randall, will begin at the Philadelphia Park Theatre, October 6. She will begin a season in New York October 13 at the Standard Theatre. Besides My Brother's Sister and My Sweetheart, she will be seen in a new play. Charles S. Dickson, the well-known comedian, will be her leading man.

Little Puck is on for a run at the New Park Theatre, and with the eccentric Frank Daniels as chief fun dispenser it will no doubt prove a very successful venture. Last week the audiences were very large. A strong company interprets the farce-comedy, which latter, by the way, is better than a great many that have appeared in New York lately. Manager Sam Cox is a hustler, and has staged the piece very handsomely.

A Gold Mine at the Grand Opera House last week repeated the success it has met with throughout the country. Nat Goodwin as Silas Woolcott, gives an admirable portrayal of an American in England, and a more delightful piece of work is rarely seen on the stage nowadays. Miss Isabella Coe, who has a leading part, often shares the honors with the star by her intelligent, artistic acting, and the balance of the company is very good.

A MAN generally finds little difficulty in getting half-seas over when he makes free use of the schooner.—Troy Press.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

The Girl Went.

A handsome and rather flashily dressed girl got on a street car several evenings ago, and, by her manner of peculiar self-consciousness, attracted the attention of every one on the crowded vehicle. The conductor of the car was one of the oldest men on the line; was not only old, but was in feeble health. When he went up to the end of the car to take the young woman's fare, it was observed, and especially by a dudish young fellow, that he began to censure her.

"Look at that old fool scolding that girl," said the dude, speaking to some one who sat near him. "This railroad company ought to have better sense than to employ ruffians as conductors. Here, what do you mean there? I am talking to you, you old jayhawk!"

The conductor started back through the car, and the dude, made more gallant by the attention which he had attracted, plucked him by the sleeve and said:

"What were you saying to that young lady?"

"Excuse me," the conductor replied, "but I don't know that it concerns you."

"But it does concern me. It concerns every gentleman when a lady is insulted. You have not only insulted the lady, but you have disturbed everybody in the car."

"If I have disturbed any one, I apologize, but for what I said to the young woman I have no apology to make to you. I will tell you the cause," he added, addressing an old man. "That young woman is my daughter, and I was begging her not to go to a masked ball. I am a very old man, sir, and I have but one child—that is, only one that ever comes home. I had another daughter. I loved her so much that I was afraid not to let her have her own way—was afraid that she might die. I wish she had. She went to masked balls."

The young woman got up. The old man held out his arms toward her. She frowned at him and tripped off the car.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Reproduction not Art.

The instantaneous photograph bids fair to become a very potent aid to artists who seek to teach their pupils that reproduction is not art; for it is clearly demonstrated by this means that the real is in nowise like the apparent, says a writer in the Washington Post. For example, an instantaneous photograph of a man in the act of running never looks as much like a man in the act of running as the pen drawing of a true artist does. The reason is that the photograph reproduces the one exact position of the runner at the instant the picture is made, while the artist pictures several positions in one and makes his man seem to be moving. Art always has dealt and must deal with things, not as they are, but as they seem to be. We sit and look at a runner. He seems simultaneously to bend forward his body, throw one leg away forward and the other far to the rear, with both knees at almost an acute angle. At the same instant he seems to swing one arm forward while the other is drawn back, both being "shut" tightly at the elbows. So it seems, for the eye of the observer is not keen enough to see the position of each instant separately—it sees the positions of a group of instants, and the observer thinks that these positions are simultaneous. The instantaneous photograph shows they are not simultaneous, and in doing this presents a picture that does not look like a man in the act of running. This photograph is going to be—indeed, already is—a great aid to science, but the only thing it can do for art will be to prove that reality does not seem as true as the ideal. What

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is true of the painter's and the sculptor's art is true also of the writer's. He who describes things as they really are may be a scientist, but only he who describes things as they seem to be is an artist. We frequently hear readers say of characters created by an artistic writer that they have seen just such persons. They think they have, but they haven't. It is the writer's art that makes them think they have. If he had actually described the persons they have in mind they would say there were never such beings on earth. Thus it comes about that "truth [reality] is stranger [because less commonly observed] than fiction," and that "fiction [the ideal] hath a nobler end than fact."

Two Kinds of Girls.

There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears better abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things; the other is that kind which appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway. Now, it does not necessarily follow that there should be two classes of girls. A slight education will modify both a little and unite their good qualities in one.—Catholic Standard.

On the Other Leg.

Proprietor of Daily Universe (to editor)—"Have you written those editorials on the gigantic evils of monopoly and the infamous manner in which the trusts are grinding down the poor?"

Editor—"Yes, sir."

Proprietor—"Well, tell the business manager to inform our employes that we have entered into an agreement with the other papers in town to cut down their wages twenty per cent."—New York Dispatch.

A Trifle Discouraged.

Captain (outward bound, to passenger)—"Are you feeling any better to-day, sir?"

Passenger (discouraged)—"No, worse if anything."

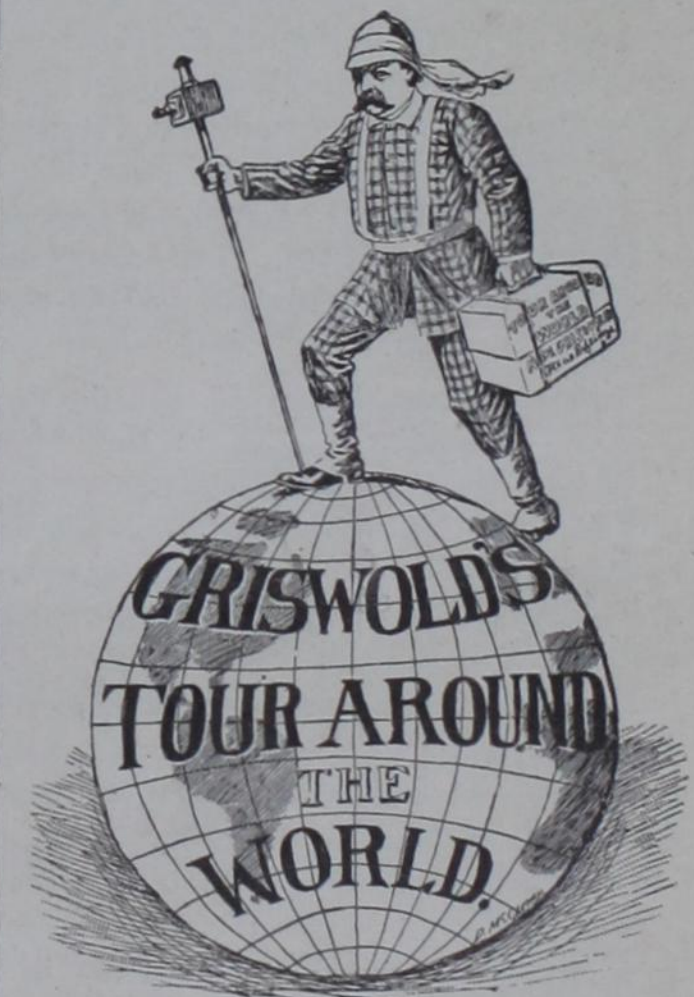
"Oh, you'll be all right in a day or two, so don't give up the ship!"

"No, I'll hold on to the ship if I can, but by thunder, Captain, I've given up about everything else!"—The Epoch.

A Demand for Indian Scalps.

A Monroe-street hair dealer: "If you know where I can get any Indian scalps I shall be obliged to you for that information. Indian scalps, like buffalo heads, are becoming mighty scarce. You never can account for people's tastes. Now, about the last thing in the world that some people want is an Indian scalp, and yet there are people who want just that sort of a curiosity. I had an Indian belt not long ago which had nine scalps hung to it, and I sold it to a man on the North Side for \$35. I have a bunch of hair here—it isn't a scalp, as there is no skin attached to it, just a handful, as it were. It is worth \$5. Indians are not scalping as much as they used to, and that is why scalps are high. In fact, everything which Indians used to make is becoming scarcer and more valuable.

"Take the common Indian basket that used to sell for \$3 a dozen, now you can't get one for that money. There are two reasons for this. One is that travelers buy them from first hands as curiosities and pay the Indians just what they ask. Another reason is that since the government has got to taking such interest in Indians, taking care of them, the Indians are lazier than ever and make less than formerly."—Chicago Tribune.



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Songs of Help and Inspiration, by Brewer Mattocks, Fairbault, Minn., is quite an unpretentious little volume of poems, yet there are a number of good things in it, notably The Three Voices, Life and The Challenge.

There is no magazine for juveniles that enjoys greater popularity than Wide Awake, published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston. The literary matter is always fresh and attractive and the illustrations are of the first order. The March number is more than usually attractive.

The humorous illustrated paper, Time, has ceased to exist under that name, having been absorbed by that wide-awake publication, Munsey's Weekly.

Old Time is dead,
That tired old man,
Nast could not tide him o'er,
Munsey's Weekly takes the head
Even better than before.

Three papers under one general head, "The New Nationalism," will appear in the March issue of Belford's Magazine as the leading article. The great and constantly increasing body who are interested in the important social and governmental questions of the hour will find the newest phase of these questions intelligently described by J. B. Wakeman, Rev. Edward E. Hale, and Hon. Wm. McAdoo.

The March St. Louis Magazine contains a suggestive paper on Private Economy, by James M. Loring of the Missouri Legislature; two bright stories by Eben E. Rexford and Mrs. Howard; an able paper against the present method of burial, by Rev. Charles R. Treat, and in which new theories are advanced; a poem by Ella Wheeler-Wilcox; Literary Chats and Light Moods, by Editor Alexander N. De Menil and other features.

Berlin, the City of the Kaiser, by Mary Stuart Smith, is the opening paper in The Cosmopolitan for March. It is attractively illustrated. Herbert Pierson writes of The Evolution of the Gondola, and there are illustrations of Gondolas going through their evolutions. Signal Codes, Savage and Scientific, is by Wm. H. Gilder. Frank G. Carpenter writes of Easter in Jerusalem. The complete story is entitled A Candidate for Divorce, by H. H. Boyson.

Professor John Henry Comstock, the eminent naturalist, begins in the New York Ledger of March 1, a series of six articles on the study of insects, in which he describes, not only those insects which are useful to the farmer, but also those which destroy entire fields of grain, cotton and rice, and ravage orchards, gardens and vineyards. He demonstrates how it was scientifically determined that an average annual loss of \$30,000,000 has been occasioned in the South by the cotton-worm alone; and that an average loss per year of nearly \$2,400,000 has been brought about in the apple crop of Illinois by the ravages of the codlin moth. The series is profusely illustrated.

The complete novel in Lippincott's Magazine for March is Two Soldiers, by Captain Charles King. It has the dash and charm of style peculiar to Captain King's stories. Edward Fawcett contributes a remarkable poem of some length, entitled The Tears of Tullia. It

is a touching and beautiful story of the triumph of love during the tyrannous reign of the Roman emperor, Caligula. Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie writes very entertainingly of The Author of The Collegians. In Book-Talk, Julian Hawthorne, who is at his best as a critic, has a charming little essay entitled Eugene Field's Little Books, and Frederic M. Bird contributes a thoughtful review of a new edition of The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius.

Amenities of Journalism.

Dudish Reporter (in brand-new suit)—"It does beat all. I've just been ordered to make a tour of the slums and write a column of scenes and incidents. My clothes will be ruined."

Tramp Reporter (in rags and tatters)—"I am in just as bad a fix. I have been assigned to Mrs. Nabob's ball, and I haven't a thing fit to wear."

Dudish Reporter—"I say, let's trade assignments."

Tramp Reporter—"The city editor wouldn't allow that, but I'll tell you how we can fix it. Let's trade clothes."—New York Weekly.

Shaken Out of Gear,

By malarial disease, the human machinery cannot perform its office. Digestion, secretion, evacuation are disordered, the blood becomes watery, the nerves feeble, the countenance ghastly, sleep disturbed and appetite capricious. Terrible is this disease, fell its consequences. There is, however, a known antidote to the miasmatic poison, and a certain safeguard against it. In malarious regions of our South and West, in South America, Guatemala and on the Isthmus of Panama, as well as in transmarine countries where the scourge exists, this inimitable preventive and remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has, during the last thirty-five years, been constantly widening the area of its usefulness, and demonstrating its sovereign value. Liver complaint, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble, rheumatism and debility are all remedied by it.

Valuables Checked.

Dude (to hotel clerk)—"I have an idea." Clerk—"Quite so. Well, we have a safe here for the use of guests who wish to store their valuables. Did you bring it down with you?"—Harper's Bazar.

He will Look Further.

There were four or five men in a Grand River avenue butcher-shop the other day, when a man came in, looked them carefully over, and inquired:

"Which of you is named Polonius?"

"None of us," answered one.

"Sure?"

"Of course we are."

"Just my luck. I wanted to lick a man named Polonius. I expected to find him here. I've been to a good deal of trouble in chasing around after him, and it seems too bad to get left again."

"Yes, it does," replied the biggest one of the lot in a reflective way.

"Polonius hasn't any friends here, has he?"

"He might have."

"Bully. In that case one of them might want to take his place, you know."

"Yes, perhaps I might."

"If you only would! Say, I can hammer you to squash in two minutes!"

"Out here in the alley?"

"Yes."

"Now?"

"Right off."

"Well, let's see if you can!"

All went out, the two flung off their coats, and it wasn't more than a minute before the man who was looking for Polonius grabbed his coat and ran down the alley, just escaping a kick which stove in the head of a barrel of pork.

"Come back and be a man!" shouted the victor, as he waved his fists in the air.

"Not this afternoon!" shouted the other in reply. "I'm a-looking for Polonius, I am. Polonius is a thin, short man, weighing about 100 pounds, and he spits blood every morning before breakfast. I can lick him to squash with one hand."—Free Press.

Out of the Profesh.

A middle-aged man, with a satchel between his feet, sat in front of a Canal-street hotel the other evening when a pedestrian turned aside and accosted him with:

"Well, are you off?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but you have the advantage of me," replied the first.

"Well, well, but that's queer. We have been together four weeks."

"You—you are not—"

"I am Ka-bush-by, the Zulu, who can't speak a word of English and prefers raw meat to cooked. You are Tornado Tom, the celebrated scout and Indian slayer, and are modestly credited with having killed thirty-seven Indians. We both exhibited from the same platform in the museum."

"Thunder! but so we did! Well, what's new?"

"Going home to Indiana to-morrow. The old man wants me to help him run the grocery, and I'm tired of the Zulu business. Too much sameness about it. Have to hold a peachstone in my mouth to produce the guttural, and it wears on my teeth. Which way you going?"

"Back to Toronto. I'm tired of this cowboy business. Public asks too many questions. Fellers come in every day and want to see my scars. I've got Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska all mixed up in my geography, and somebody gets on to me every day for a deceiver. If I start out again it will be as William Belting, the Australian murderer, who was sentenced to be hanged seven different times, but who finally proved his innocence!"

"Well, Tornado, so long!"

"Ka-bush-by, and may luck go with you."—Brooklyn Citizen.

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"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

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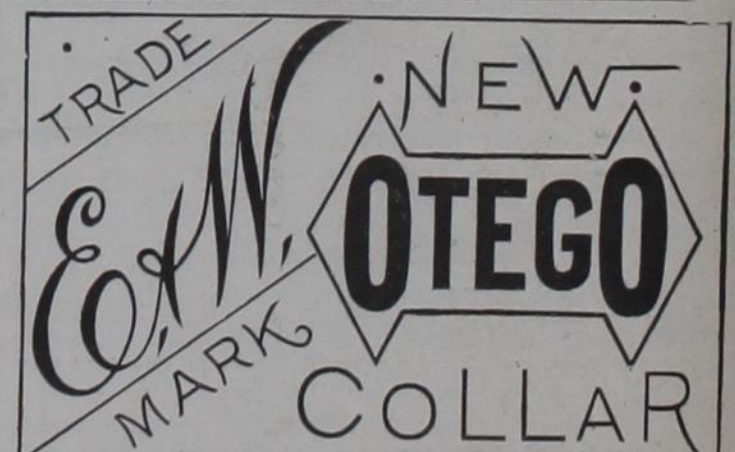
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

A COUNTRY IDYL.



"Have you dug your grass?" asked the city chap,
Of the staring farmer man,
For he thought he would not crush the swain
Beneath his social ban.
"How was your crop when you dug your grass?"
Did the weevils hurt your peas?
And did the canker worm destroy
Your young cucumber trees?

"I love, good sir, the country air,
From the town I fain would flee
And lose myself in rural dreams
'Neath the potato tree.
I would pluck the turnip from its vine,
Thro' the parsnip meadow push,
And rest beneath the grateful shade
Of the bending cabbage bush.

"Oh, I fain would be a simple swain
And drive my yoke of cows,
And rest at noon beneath the shade
Of the rutabaga boughs.
Oh, I'd hunt the woods for the cocoanut bush
The whole of the livelong day,
Or start at morn with the rustic hoe
To dig the hills for hay.

"And if at the noonday I grew faint
With my labors' strain and rush,
I would mix the milkweed's luscious milk
With the mushroom's luscious mush.
I would pluck the pineapple from the pine—
But why has your color fled?"
But the farmer fell with a sickening thud—
The farmer man was dead!

—S. W. Foss.

ONCE MORE.

He wrote some verse;
'Twas to rehearse,
In language that was glowing,
Her dainty grace,
Her lovely face,
Her smile so joy-bestowing.

She took her pen
And wrote again,
"I think this much is due you;
Though bad your rhyme,
Misspent your time,
I'll be a sister to you."

—Washington Capital.

JUST DO YOUR BEST.

The sign is bad when folks commence
A findin' fault with Providence
And balkin' cause the earth don't shake
At ev'ry prancin' step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare,
He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions and be satisfied;
Just do your best, and praise er blame
That follers that counts just the same.
I've allus noticed that great success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Didn't Know the General.

Gen. Bumblethorpe is certainly a very big man—big in stature and bigger still in his own conceit, brimming over, as he constantly is, with his own importance. Gen. Bumblethorpe was never in the army; he never was even in the militia. But he was Surveyor General once, a good while ago, and has, of course, worn the title of General ever since, and has always insisted upon it. He has been a shade more overbearing since he became a General in this way, though he was sufficiently overbearing before that.

One fine afternoon last summer Gen. Bumblethorpe was taking a walk through the outskirts of the country town which he had honored by choosing it as his place of summer sojourn. In the course of his wanderings he came upon a pair of bars leading into a grassy and inviting meadow. The bars he let down and walked into the meadow. He had but half crossed the meadow when he saw, to his horror, a great black and white Holstein bull emerge from the dark shade of an apple tree and advance toward him. Gen. Bumblethorpe is not an active man, but the steady advance of this enormous animal stimulated him for the moment to great activity. And his own rapid flight served to stimulate the bull, who lowered his head and charged ferociously, bellowing the while.

It was a mad chase, but Gen. Bumblethorpe had some good rods of advantage in the start, and the opposite fence of the field was not far away. The General ran wildly and succeeded in turning a somersault over the fence just in time to escape the infuriated animal.

And then it was Gen. Bumblethorpe who was infuriated. From the safe side of the fence he stormed and raged at the bull, and, seeing a farm house not far away, he stalked over to it. The farmer was choring around the barn when the General rushed up to him.

"Is that your bull over there, sir?" exclaimed Gen. Bumblethorpe.

"Wal, I guess 'tis," said the farmer.

"Well, sir, do you know what it's been doing?"

"Chasin' ye, mebbe."

"Yes, sir, chasin' me; and it is an outrage that I will not tolerate—an outrage, I tell you, that I should be pursued and humbled in this way!"

"Wal," says the farmer, "it's a thing that bulls will do; ye can't help it, ye know."

"Help it!" said the General, black with indignation, "do you know who I am?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, sir, I am General Bumblethorpe."

"Is—that—so?" said the farmer, with great deliberation; "is—that—so? Why in thunder didn't ye tell the bull, Gen'ral?"—Boston Transcript.

Sincere Hand-Shakes.

It was years since in the Ozark region, where I was riding a circuit, that I saw a minister enjoy a most substantial hand-shaking, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Shaking hands was his peculiarity. He believed in the potency of a cordial grasp to win men to the church, and though successful in winning souls he was very unfortunate in the matter of getting dollars. In fact, poverty continually stared him in the face. He owned a little farm and mortgaged it as long as it would yield a dollar. The mortgages were falling due, but there was no prospect of paying them. But it did not bother him a bit. He shook hands more heartily than ever.

"I have unbounded faith in hand-shaking to bring everything out right," he often said, until his penchant came to be the talk of the town. At last came the day when the mortgages must be fore-

closed that would deprive him of the little home that sheltered his family.

On the eve of that day a knock at the door of his house, which was a little way from town, called him. When he opened the door a whole crowd rushed in, and, without saying a word, commenced shaking hands. He felt something cold in the palm of the first man, and when the hand was withdrawn it stuck to his own. "That is the most substantial shake I ever experienced," he said, as he held up a \$5 gold piece. But the next man stepped up and a silver dollar was left in the preacher's palm. No one would say a word in explanation, but pressed in on him as fast as he could stick the metal and bills into his pockets. The house was not large enough for the visitors, each one of whom deposited from \$1 to \$10 in the outstretched hand. Each left the moment his little errand was accomplished, and not a word could be had in explanation except the last one, who, as he turned to go, remarked: "We wanted to play a little joke on you, and we have." The several "jokes" netted just \$871. His home was saved and a neat balance was left besides. The minister maintained that he had contracted a habit that night that for a year afterward, when he shook a hand, prompted him to look into his own palm, half expecting to see a piece of metal there.

A Reminder.

Mrs. Rustler (to her husband)—"I certainly wish, dear, that you would keep up appearances more and dress better. Now look at Mr. Slasher, who moves in our set, how stylish he is."

Rustler—"You forget, dear, that it was but recently that Slasher failed."—Clothier and Furnisher.

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night sweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floralplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

His Business-like Way.

Young Mr. Bizz (briskly, to fair proprietor of photograph gallery)—"I've dropped in, Miss Frame, without much preparation, in the style I usually do when I make up my mind I want anything. Can you take me just as I am?"

Miss Frame—"Certainly, Mr. Bizz. What style do you wish—cabinet or plane?"

Mr. Bizz—"What style? Great Caesar! Did you think I'd come in with these old clothes on to have my picture taken? I'm asking you to marry me, Miss Frame."—Chicago Tribune.

Stop that
CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

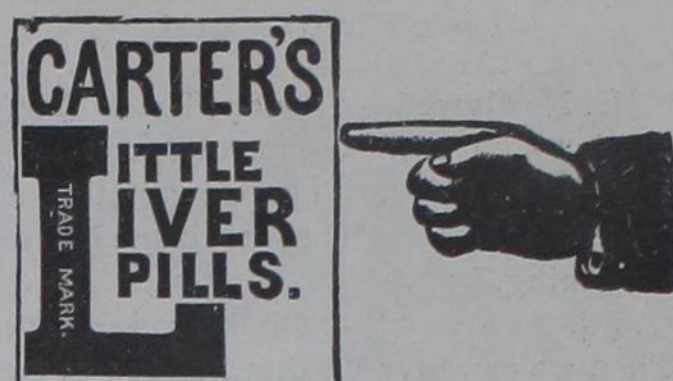
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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and
HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. Get the genuine.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

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PHOTOS 14 Lovely Beauties, sealed, only 10c; 50 for 25c. NOVELTY CO., Bay Shore, N. Y.

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\$75 PER MONTH SALARY and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry by sample only; can live at home. We furnish Team Free. Full particulars and sample case free. We mean just what we say, and do exactly as we agree. Address at once, Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

Their First Quarrel.

Mr. Newlywed—"Fanny, Uncle Tom's will is to be read to-morrow, and as I always was a favorite nephew of the old gentleman's I am sure to come in for something."

Mrs. Newlywed—"Oh, how nice, Will! Then we can give up this horrid flat and build a sweet little Queen Anne house in the country, and—"

"You mean a brick house uptown."

"No, dear, a Queen Anne cottage, with gables and—"

"Queen nothing, pet! I couldn't bear to live in a cottage, you know. What we want is—"

"Nothing of the sort, Will! I want a cottage, and I can't live in an uptown, stuffy—"

"Stuffy, eh? I'd like to know what can be more stuffy than a little, squeezed-up, one-story—"

"Will, you mean thing! You are so unreasonable, and—"

"Unreasonable, is it? I'd have you to understand, Frances, that I am a very reasonable man—"

"No you are not! You never do anything I want you to, and you always try to displease me. You are—"

"Look here, madam, that will do! I took you when you were without a cent, and you promised to obey me, and now, when I have a plan to make you happy, you—"

"Happy! I could never be happy with such a brute! If I had only known what you were, I never would have married you!"

"I wish you had then, for you are no wife for a young, sensible man, who likes to be peaceful and—"

"Peaceful! Who started all this dispute, I should like to know?"

"Why, you did!"

"I didn't!"

"You did!"

"You know I didn't, so—"

"I repeat, it is all your fault!"

"O, boo-hoo! hoo! I am going home to my mother!"

"Go, and be—" (slams the door).

Mr. Newlywed (next evening)—"Fanny, Uncle Tom didn't leave me a cent!"

Mrs. Newlywed (kissing him)—"I'm so glad!"—Lawrence American.

A Tough Country.

Louis Epstein, the museum man, has had many years of rough experience with a circus, and he has not only seen a great deal of life in his time, but a great deal of death, too. Many years ago, while traveling with the Sells Bros.' show, he visited a little town in Kentucky. Early in the evening he was in a saloon, when a rough-looking, seven-foot Kentuckian—a moonshiner—entered the place and proceeded to smash the bar fixtures. An attempt was made to capture him, but he succeeded in breaking away, and then he rushed up to the show grounds to see the circus. He crawled in under the canvas and appropriated a seat. Just as he sat down Willie Sells came into the arena in the final act, which represented a sort of a "wild West" episode. He was chased around by Indians and any number of blank cartridges were fired. This firing excited the moonshiner, and, jumping up, he pulled his own gun and started around the circle. Before he had gone very far some one shot him in real earnest and he fell to the sawdust. No one could tell who fired the fatal shot. His two sisters walked over and inspected his remains, after which they calmly resumed their seats and took in the concert. Then they went into the side-show, says Epstein, passing their brother's body on the way out, and apparently enjoyed themselves. It was a tough country then.—Chicago Herald.

PEARS' "Paris" SOAP. Exposition, 1889.

Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world.
Highest possible distinction.

Curiosities of Wedlock.

Goethe said he married to obtain respectability.

Wycherly, in his old age, married his servant girl to spite her relations.

The joining of right hands in ancient times had the solemnity and validity of an oath.

There is a story of a man who got married because he inherited a four-post bedstead.

Giving a ring is supposed to indicate the eternity of the union, seeing that a circle is endless.

A man got married because he had bought a piece of silk cheap at a sale and wanted a wife to give it to.

Under the Roman empire marriage was simply a civil contract; hence we read of men "putting away" their wives.

Among the Jews the rule was for a maiden to marry on the fourth and a widow on the fifth day of the week—not earlier.

In Jewish marriages the woman is set on the right, but throughout christendom her place in the ceremony is on the left.

In a Roman marriage the bride was purchased by the bridegroom's payment of three pieces of copper money to her parents.

The Russians have a story of a widow who was so inconsolable for the loss of her husband that she took another to keep her from fretting herself to death.

The custom of putting a veil upon the maid before the betrothal was done to conceal her blushes at the first touch of the man's hand and at the closing kiss.

Kissing the bride the moment the marriage ceremonial ended, though not now prescribed by the rubric of the Western churches, formerly was an imperative act on the part of the bridegroom.

The early marriage ceremony among the Anglo-Saxons consisted merely of hand fastening, or taking each other by the hand, and pledging each other love and affection in the presence of friends and relatives.

An old adage thus lays down the proper days for wedlock:

Monday for wealth, Tuesday for health, Wednesday for the best day of all;

Thursday for crosses, Friday for losses, Saturday no luck at all.

—Presbyterian.

Dynamite in War.

The value of dynamite as an agency of war seems to have been demonstrated by the recent experiments with the Zalinski dynamite gun on board the cruiser Vesuvius. The tests exceeded the performances called for in the contract with the government and were successful beyond expectation. The three guns, mounted at the bow of the vessel, were found to

be capable of throwing fifteen shells, each containing 200 pounds of dynamite, a distance of over a mile within seventeen minutes. Each gun has a capacity of five shells of this size in a fraction less than six minutes. Dynamite thus being available, an appalling increase in the destruction of life is inevitable in war. It has been the tendency of invention to meet improvements in the art of war with counter inventions that have in a measure neutralized their destructiveness, but what can be interposed for the protection of an army when 200 pounds of dynamite may be exploded in its midst from guns a mile or more away?—Chicago Herald.

WELL-PLACED LUCK.

A. P. Morse, of San Bernardino, Gets \$15,000.

On the occasion of the December drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Fate was pleased to be gracious to an estimable citizen of San Bernardino, Mr. A. P. Morse, and he received a profit of \$15,000 on an investment of \$1. Mr. Morse is the brother of E. H. Morse, the cashier of the San Bernardino National Bank, who was murdered about a year ago. He is about 35 years of age, married and has children. He owns a prosperous paint, oil and picture store on Court street.

A reporter of the *Herald* recently called on Mr. Morse to learn something of the circumstances of his purchase of the lucky ticket.

"The man who acts as agent for the lottery here," said he, "had sold out his regular stock of tickets, but he had so many applications that he ordered a number more. These were sold until only two were left. An old lady came in and asked for a ticket and debated a long time between the two. Finally she took one. This left it Hobson's choice for me, and I took the last ticket and won \$15,000."

Elsewhere it was learned by the reporter that the old lady in question was so indignant over the trick which Fortune had played on her that she went to bed sick and did not get up for a week.

Mr. Morse is a good-looking man of medium height, and a very intelligent, jolly fellow. He enjoys an unusual degree of popularity for his humor, fairness in business and good-heartedness. There is yet to be found any man in San Bernardino who envies him his good luck. He has used about half the money in his business and will invest the remainder. He is a Republican in politics and a prominent Odd Fellow.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald*, January 27.

Protect the Truth Teller.

There is one other thing that ought to be made a penal offense, with a minimum fine of at least \$200, with imprisonment for not less than six months. It is that of doubting the statement of a man who has been a-fishing. Fish have been caught ever since fish-hooks were invented. The fish were made to be caught. They rather expect it. It is no trick at all to catch fish. And yet as Jones returns from his vacation he is met and asked:

"Been away?"

"Yes."
"Up north?"
"Yes."
"Went fishing, I suppose?"
"Of course."
"Catch anything?"
"Certainly."
"H'm! Caught some four-pounders, I presume?"
"Yes; I caught one which weighed seven pounds."
"H'm! Good-bye!"
Jones not only caught one weighing seven pounds, but a number that weighed five and six pounds apiece, but he dared not speak of it. Even with what he did say he felt that the other man believed him to be a liar. As he walked on he felt belittled and degraded, and he made up his mind to tell a bold lie on the next occasion and declare that he did not even see a fish while he was gone. Something should be done in this matter, and it cannot be done too soon. A man should be protected in telling the truth as well as in life and limb.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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